

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I. BROTHER AND SISTER.

It is in the early part of the London season, and the weather is bright and warm. Cautious people, who habitually distrust our perfidious climate, have ventured to assume light clothing, adapted for summer wear. The watering-carts leave tracks of black mud down the middle of west-end thoroughfares, and splash the margin of the hot pavements with showers that raise an odour as of tons of damp slate-pencil. The dragged fringe of suburb that hangs upon the trailing skirt of the great city, bursts into patches of dust-laden green, behind the monotonously ugly iron railings, or the blackened brick walls, that shelter "villa residences" from the profane vulgar. The profane vulgar, however, is very hard to shut out effectually. Even in the genteel parts of the suburbs, little grimy hands are thrust between iron rails to seize rich sprays of lilac or the gold laburnum blossom, and little grimy faces, pinched, pallid, and vicious, light and flush into something like childhood, as they bury themselves in the fragrant ill-gotten posies.

On miles and miles of wooden hoarding glare great bills, bearing, in gigantic characters, the most heterogeneous announcements addressed to all classes of the public. Blue letters on a white ground, red letters on a yellow ground, black letters on every imaginable coloured ground, setting forth such varied luxuries and attractions for body and mind, and such infallible panaceas for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," as might, one would think, suffice to make a terrestrial Paradise of the great Babylon. The new book, the new medicine, the new bonnet, the latest scientific improvement in crinolines, and the most approved food for cattle, combining a minimum of price with a maximum of nourishment, appeal to the passer-by, side by side, in curious juxtaposition. Nor are there wanting appeals of a higher character. There is a monster meeting at Exeter Hall for the conversion and enlightenment of—everybody who happens differ to on certain topics from the

amiably intentioned chairman and committee of that particular society. There is high mass, with a sermon in Italian by a cardinal, and a full band and staff of "eminent vocalists" from the two great Opera Houses. One especially conspicuous announcement flares in rainbow hues from wall and hoarding. It is the poster of the Royal Thespian Theatre. "Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet!" repeated over and over again in every imaginable type and colour. "The new actress! Great and legitimate success! Crowded houses! Free list entirely suspended! Miss M. A. Bell will repeat the character of Juliet every evening until further notice; supported by Mr. Alaric Allen as Mercutio, and the company of the Royal Thespian Theatre!"

Hundreds, thousands, of busy men and women passed the gaudy announcement every day. It was difficult to avoid seeing it; so it is to be supposed that the passers-by saw it. But its purport probably did not penetrate to the "mind's eye" of ten per cent out of those whose outward sense perceived it. But of all the crowds of human beings who hurried or sauntered past the Thespian poster that brightened the neighbourhood of the Great Northern Railway station, on one sunny afternoon at the beginning of June, 18—, one individual at least did stop before it, stood gazing at it a sufficient time to have not only read, but spelt, every word it contained, and, having once moved to go, turned, and stood, and gazed again, and finally moved away dreamily up the resounding slope of Pentonville, that vibrates to the rattle of wheels all through the weary day. Up the slope of Pentonville went this individual; a young man with a grave, sad face, and dressed in sober mourning garments. When he reached the top of the hill that overlooks a dusky realm of house-tops looming through the smoke and mist, he turned to the left, past the White Conduit House towards Barnsbury. He then walked more briskly for some distance, until he came to a small newly built house, covered with buff stucco, that made it look as though it were made of pie-crust. The adjoining house on either side of it was unfinished. The houses over the way were unfinished. Behind it stretched a barren waste partially overgrown with rank grass, and plentifully bestrewn with fragments of broken pottery. It gave one

the idea that the heavens must surely rain broken pottery in the neighbourhood of De Montfort Villas. A costermonger's donkey was cautiously picking his way amongst the pots-herds, and browsing on the soot-encrusted herbage. Two ragged men lay basking in the sunshine, at the extremity of the waste ground, hard by a tall post which bore the announcement that "This eligible piece of land was to be let for building purposes." All these details were visible from the back windows of No. 9, De Montfort Villas. It was the only completed house of the row, and looked as though it had been just baked and turned out, slightly underdone, from some colossal oven. It is hard to say why number nine should have been completed before number one; or, indeed, why this especial house should have been number nine at all, seeing that there were to be but six houses in the row. But so it was. And at the door of the house distinguished for some inscrutable reason as number nine, the young man whom we saw contemplating the rainbow-hued poster, stopped. He opened it with a latch-key and went in. The inside of the little house was clean and fresh, but wore the same aspect of underdone newness as the outside. The young man hung his hat upon a hook in the passage, and entered a little back parlour. The room is tenanted by two ladies. Both look up as he enters. Surely we know those faces, spite of the change that the last few months have made in each. That of the elder lady is still round and plump, but it bears traces of trouble on its formerly placid surface. The mouth is drawn, and quivers nervously in any surprise or emotion; and the eyes are sunken, and their orbits swollen with much crying. The younger woman is thin, and very pale, but as she raises her head from her work, there is no mistaking that resolute projecting chin, those steel-bright glittering eyes.

"You're home early, Clem," says Penelope Charlewood, for she it is. The rich, trailing, silken robes, and massive, costly ornaments that distinguished her attire in the old prosperous days, have been exchanged for a plain, almost coarse, black gown, neat and whole, but ill-fitting, and evidently home-made. The delicate white collar and cuffs at her throat and wrists are the only remnants of luxury in her attire; and her hands, busy with some needlework of the most uncompromisingly ugly and useful kind, show traces of hard labour. Penelope had had handsome, fair hands, almost her only beauty. From the very beginning of their poverty, she had exposed them unflinchingly to the roughest business she could find for them to do. Her mother had once or twice remonstrated with her, and urged the needlessness of such disfigurement. But Penelope had answered stoutly, "Never mind, mamma! If my hands are as white as Clem's, I shall be quite satisfied. To tell truth, I did think a good deal of those paws of mine. They were pretty, you know. I might have caught myself shrinking from doing something or other to help Clem some

fine morning, if I had allowed myself to care about the colour of my hands. Think of that! So I just resolved to spoil their beauty at once, and have done with it."

"You're home early, Clem," said she once more, as her brother threw himself wearily into a chair, commanding a full view of the building-ground and the donkey.

"Yes, dear; but I intend to go back again to the office for an hour or two to-night. There will be some foreign letters to answer by this mail."

"Ow tired you look, Clement," said Mrs. Charlewood, anxiously. "It's 'ot, ain't it?"

"No, mother—yes, I mean it is, rather."

Penelope rose quietly, and went into the little kitchen to prepare tea. They had a servant, but her abilities did not extend to the adequate preparation of the simplest meal. Indeed, I doubt whether Penelope, in her jealous devotion to her brother, would have consented to resign that office to the most accomplished cordon bleu.

As soon as her daughter had left the room, Mrs. Charlewood drew near to Clement, and asked in a suppressed voice, "Ave you seen Watty to-day, love?"

"Not to-day, mother; but I will try to find him as I go back to the office. Don't fret, dear mother, don't fret." The tears were in Mrs. Charlewood's eyes.

"No, Clem, no, I won't. God knows I'm thankful to him every day and every hour, for 'aving you and Penny; but you know Watty's my child too, and I feel it 'ard sometimes to see him so seldom. Don't be angry with me, my boy; I can't help it."

"Angry, dear mother!"

"No, love, no. There! I knew you wouldn't be angry; but Penny is, sometimes."

"Penny has trials too, mother, and bears them bravely."

"Yes, to be sure, Clem, I know she does; and as to a good daughter—Well, there, I'm sure I never thought it was in Penny to be so kind and considerate as she is to me. And she's never sharp with me now—almost never; only she—she's 'ard sometimes on Watty. If he *did* get tired of living 'ere with us, and found it dull, and went into lodgings of his own in a livelier situation, why, law! I'm sure it was very natural."

There was a short pause.

"At all events, mother," said Clement, kissing her, "it is done, and we can't alter it. We must make the best and not the worst of poor Walter's doings."

Presently, Penelope came back with the teapot in her hand, and the servant followed bearing a tray laden with cups and saucers. The mother, her son, and daughter took their meal together quietly, but without gloom; only Clement's unusual silence and absence of mind did not escape his sister's quick eye. No shade of manner in those she loved easily escaped her keen observation. The sun sank lower; the ragged men had arisen and were gone; the

donkey still perseveringly mowed down the rank grass with his strong crunching teeth; a caravan of children was stumbling homeward over the desert waste, the leaders in front carrying babies, and the smallest bringing up the rear with tottering footsteps, much impeded by the fragments of broken crockery, and imperiously shouted to by a shrewish, hungry, little girl in the van to "come a—a—an!" To these cries the little ones responded by piteous, long-drawn wails and boo-hoos that gradually died away in the distance. It was not a cheerful scene, and its sights and sounds seemed to be reflected in Clement's face.

And it is possible that he may have got some unconscious impression of its dreariness, although, in fact, his thoughts were busy with far other things.

"Will you come out into the wilderness and have a cigar, Clem?" said Penelope, when tea was over.

"I've smoked my allowance for to-day, Penny. Don't assail my virtuous resolutions."

"No, I won't," said Penny, decisively. "If a man makes a promise to himself he ought to stick to it; but you may come into the wilderness for a quarter of an hour. We shall be within sight of the parlour window, if mamma should want us. Are you tired, though?"

"Not I, dear; and *you* look as if a breath of air would do you good. Get your hat on, Penny."

The brother and sister walked out together and passed through the small back yard into the waste ground which Penelope styled the wilderness. For a few minutes they walked on in silence, arm in arm. At length Penelope spoke: "You know our compact, Clem. I can't do anything for you, nor *be* much, but I claim my share of the suffering. You are dejected and out of sorts. What is the matter?"

"Penny, when you claim your share, as you call it, of the suffering, there might something be said of your being and doing too; but perhaps there need no words about all that between you and me. I am ready to tell you, but I don't feel quite sure that I ought to add to your burthens by teasing you about——"

"There, stop! That's so like a man. They think they can do everything themselves, fight and battle, and then brush off the dust handsomely, and come home smug and smiling to the women-folks, saying, 'There, don't distress yourself, my love; I've chopped off arms and legs in every direction, and borne the heat and burthen of the day, but here is a diamond necklace, or a new bright saucepan, or something adapted to *your* capacity.'"

Clement smiled sadly.

"I'm afraid you don't get even the bright saucepan, Penny," said he. His sister pressed his arm with the hand that rested on it.

"Don't mind me, Clem, I must say my say; but it does seem to me that women are so often expected to be like the image of the Madonna that Browning wrote of:

Our lady borne smiling and smart,
With a pink gauze gown, all spangles,
And seven swords stuck in her heart.

Now I can bear the swords, if I may but abjure the smiles and the spangles. What is the matter?"

"I have seen," he replied, very slowly, "another——"

"Not another of those letters, Clem?"

"Yes, dear; another of those letters."

"My God!"

"Mr. McCulloch called me into his private office when I went there this morning, and put it into my hands."

"Oh, Clement! Oh, my dear brother!"

"Mr. McCulloch has shown me every one of these infamous letters from the first. He says it is out of the question that they should make the smallest impression on him, that he treats all anonymous communications with contempt, and that his confidence in me is unshaken. Nothing could be better than the way Mr. McCulloch has behaved. All his desire is, he says, that the miscreant who is endeavouring to stab me in the dark should be discovered and punished. He begged me again to-day to search my memory well, to try and find some clue to this mystery. But it is in vain. I have thought and thought; but who is there in all the world who can hate me so bitterly as to do me this iniquitous wrong?"

"Of course Mr. McCulloch cannot believe these lies. Who could believe them that knows you? After all, why should you grieve, Clem? The villain's aim is foiled. He cannot hurt you."

"No, thank God, I hope he cannot. I believe he cannot. But yet, if you knew the anguish of mind I endure sometimes! There is a subtle, devilish ingenuity in these letters that fills me with amazement."

A brooding, anxious frown settled on Penelope's pale face.

"What was in this last letter, Clement?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Oh, the same old strings harped upon. My extravagance, my untrustworthiness, my want of honour, my passion for gambling in all its forms. The same aspersions cast on the memory of him who is gone from us. All our great speculations were but the reckless ventures of unprincipled gamblers. And—and—the great calamity of our lives is described as the voluntary escape of a cowardly criminal who finds detection imminent."

Penelope's face was already pale, but it grew death-like as she listened, and a faint, sick feeling caused her to lean heavily for a moment on her brother's arm.

"And then the wicked craft of attributing to me all poor Walter's follies and faults blackened into crimes. The writer evidently

knows that my brother has been placed in his present position at the bank on M'Culloch's recommendation and guarantee, and reckons on my desire to screen Walter to seal my mouth."

"It is monstrous!" burst forth Penelope, with flashing eyes. "Monstrous and cruel, and wicked—yes, wicked—that you should bear this! Tell Mr. M'Culloch the truth, Clement; tell him that the transactions mentioned in these vile letters are your brother's, and that you have never in your life—"

"Hush, Penny; hush, my dear. Think of what my saying so would involve."

"It would involve justice being done to you, and that would be a righteous thing."

"Justice to me? Ah, Penny, it is my turn now to preach faith and patience. It is enough that M'Culloch, being an honest, upright man, despises these calumnies. But for Watty—poor, weak, misguided boy—I must keep him safe and clear if possible. Only a fortnight ago when I remonstrated with him about something I had heard, and spoke vaguely of the risk he ran of offending his employers if his conduct were known, he interrupted me with one of his wild fits of childish temper. 'If any blame is thrown on me by *them*,' he said, 'if I am lectured, or held up as an example, or taken to task like a servant, by Heaven! I'll leave the place that moment, and never set foot within the bank doors again.' Then he raved on about his being a gentleman, and how hard his fate was in being brought down so low, and finally he began to cry—began to cry and whimper, Penny, like a girl, until, I swear to you, the pain and shame of seeing him were almost more than I could bear."

Penelope set her lips together grimly.

"I think," said she, "I could have borne that, better than I can bear some other things. Let him leave the bank, as he has left two situations already. We have done all we can. He is a mass of selfishness. He has cut himself adrift from our home, although he well knows that poor mamma—"

The mention of her mother seemed to check her, and she stopped short.

Clement took his sister's arm which she had withdrawn from his, and pressed it gently to his side. "Penny," said he, "do you know, dear, I am going to confide to you what I have never yet told to any human being."

Her face flushed, and she looked at him quickly, but in silence.

"I hope," proceeded Clement, "that I should have tried to do my duty by poor Watty in any case; but—on the day that—that he died, he said to me, as though there were a knowledge of what was to come upon his mind, 'Clem, you'll stand by Watty? Poor Watty; you *will* stand by him? Don't forsake him, my boy.' I gave my father my word, and so help me God, I will keep it."

The brother and sister walked side by side towards their home, where, through the gather-

ing dusk, Mrs. Charlewood's face in its doleful frame of widow's weeds was peering from the window. The tears streamed down Penelope's wan cheeks, as she raised herself to kiss her brother.

"God bless you, Clem," she whispered. "I *have* faith, and I'll never despond nor despair about you. The devil's a mighty clever fellow, but, thank God, he's not quite clever enough, my dear."

CHAPTER II. CLEMENT CUTS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

CLEMENT CHARLEWOOD walking back to his office in the summer twilight, and following a route that would take him past his brother's lodging, revolved many painful thoughts in his mind. And, strange to say, these painful thoughts were in no way connected with the subject of his recent conversation with his sister.

What impenetrable mysteries, and store-houses of strange secrets, are we human creatures to one another! The tongue and the eye at best translate our thought but imperfectly; but when these are silent—when the spirit is busy within the still locked chambers of the brain—what cunning sorcery shall draw forth its secret? What human soul—nearest and dearest though it be—shall fathom those dark recesses, and see and know us as we are?

If Penelope Charlewood had been asked to guess the subject of her brother's meditations during his walk to the City, she would undoubtedly have said, "He is thinking of Walter, and of those wicked letters." Very certainly she would have had no suspicion that Clement's brain was haunted by the vision of a huge red and yellow poster, whereon gigantic letters flamed in gaudy colours. And yet it was of this poster, and of the performance at the Royal Thespian Theatre, that Clement was thinking as he walked along. It was now three weeks since he had seen Miss M. A. Bell announced to play Juliet. It was the only intimation he had had of Mabel's being in London. How, indeed, could he have had any news of her, save such news as he might share with all the world? He walked on, down Pentonville-hill, and past the boardings where the many-coloured bills flaunted their tidings on the eye. "Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet!" Clement had, perhaps, not been to a theatre half a dozen times in his life, but he had been a great reader and lover of Shakespeare, and a wondering speculation stole into his mind as to how Mabel, *his* Mabel—(but no! that was all over)—would interpret the character of the love-lorn Juliet. How she, so proud, so cold, and so unmoved in her maiden dignity, would utter the passionate vows, and caressing tender phrases, of the poet's creation;—that dazzling southern lily, with one bright bitter tear in its perfumed heart. For an instant the temptation crossed his mind to go and see her, himself un-

seen and unnoticed in the crowd. But he dismissed the notion. "I could not bear it," said he; "and it would do no good to me or to any one else if I could." Still, as he walked, Mabel's face—so long unseen by his bodily eyes—haunted his memory; and his fancy was tormented by a fruitless endeavour to picture that face with the strong glare of the stage-lights on its modest beauty. It would not do. It was like trying to find a steady outline amid the images reflected in rippling water. There was the form; but it moved and changed and melted, and could be fixed by no effort of his. So musing, he reached his brother's lodgings, whither he was bound in fulfilment of the promise given to his mother. Walter Charlewood occupied a room on the second floor of a very dirty, noisy lodging-house in a street near the Strand. A tall, sooty-visaged brick house, the unwashed blank ugliness of whose aspect seemed to communicate itself mysteriously to each one of the long line of maids-of-all-work who successively toiled up and down its rickety staircase. It was an evil-smelling, shabby, out-at-elbows house, with a queer nomade population of lodgers. Its atmosphere was dense and heavy even in the brightest weather; and to a fanciful mind it might have seemed that the roar of mingled sounds—impossible to analyse—that surged up around it from the great neighbouring thoroughfare, contributed as much as the smoke and fog to thicken and cloud the ambient air. Nevertheless, Walter had preferred its murky precincts to the clean little underdone stucco-house at Barnsbury. Uninviting as was his present abode, it did not offer the advantage even of economy. "I hate cheap and nasty things," said Penelope, "but Watty has ingeniously found something at once ineffably nasty and outrageously dear!"

However, the one compensation for all drawbacks in Walter's mind was, "the situation." "So central," said he; "one sees something of life. One is *get-at-able*. One can drop in at—at—different places, you know; and see a—a—different fellows, you know. And, by Jove, that lath and plaster shed at Barnsbury, overlooking a confounded dismal desert full of broken bottles, would have driven me melancholy mad in a fortnight."

Clement found the street door open, and the maid-of-all-work (the third who had held office during Walter's brief tenancy), engaged in a wrangle with the potboy, who held a spreading bouquet of dirty pewter pots in his hand, and clamorously persisted in demanding "them two other quarts as was sent to the back parlours last night."

"Is Mr. Charlewood in?" asked Clement, interrupting the dispute. The slatternly servant looked round with a saucy toss of her dust-coloured cap. "Dunno, sir, I'm sure. Mr. Charlewood? Two pair back. Fust door on the left 'and as you go up stairs."

The girl had not been long enough in the place to recognise Clement, or to know that he stood in no need of her direction. He mounted

the stairs to his brother's room. The door was closed, and he tapped on it with his fingers, but receiving no answer, went in. There was no one there, and the place looked littered and neglected. Clement looked about him for some means of writing a line to be left for his brother when he should return, but found no writing materials except a glass bottle thickly encrusted with dried ink, and containing at the bottom of it one drop of muddy black fluid. There was a wooden penholder, but no pen. Clement's face grew dark as he mentally compared this shabby frouzy room with the neatness, order, and bright cleanliness of the poor home over which his mother and sister presided. There were one or two personal luxuries in the chamber, contrasting oddly with the surrounding squalor. A massive leathern portmanteau stood in one corner; it was loosely strapped, but not locked, and the clothes within it were peeping forth in disorder. Two silver-mounted meerschauts were crossed over the mantelpiece, and an inlaid dressing-case of elaborate workmanship was open on the table, revealing one or two ugly gaps where gold and crystal had once glittered, and defied with cigar-ashes sprinkled over its velvet lining. Clement tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote on it in pencil:

"Dear Watty. Sorry to miss you. Do come to-morrow. I will call for you after banking hours as I come from the office, and we can walk to Barnsbury together. You *must* not fail, Wat. Mother is fretting at not seeing you so long.

"C. C."

This leaf he folded, and directed to his brother, and placed it beneath a box of fuses on the mantelpiece, thinking that in that neighbourhood it could not fail to be observed. Then he left the close room, and shut the door behind him. As he came out on to the landing he heard voices, and a woman descended from the third story, speaking a voluble farewell to some one out of sight. "Good-bye. You won't disapint me of my gown for Sunday! Don't you trouble to come down. I knows my way." She was a very untidy woman, with a faded smart bonnet, and rough light hair. She jostled against Clement as she came down the stairs with her eyes directed up towards the unseen person whom she was addressing. She had begun a sort of apology, when, looking at Clement, she stopped short, started, clapped her hands, and uttered a loud exclamation of astonishment. "Angels and ministers!" cried the untidy woman. "If it ain't Mr. Charlewood in proprius persony!"

Clement looked at her in surprise. "That is my name," said he. "Do you know me?"

"Well, I should rather think so, sir, an' ever likely to! Don't you remember me? Party of the name of Hutchins—New Bridge-street—little Corda! Ah, *there!* You recollect me *now*, don't you, sir?"

Clement did recollect her now. But as his recollection of Mrs. Hutchins was not an especially favourable one, and as any reminiscence of the time she alluded to was fraught with many bitter regrets in his mind, he merely gave her a brief though civil "good day," and ran quickly down the stairs.

The woman stood on the landing looking after him.

"Highly tighty!" she muttered. "Come-downs in the world don't seem to *mecken* some folks. A nasty stuck-up fellow, as was glad enough to come to my house once upon a time, too. An' p'raps he'd have been glad to be a bit civiller *now*, if he'd have knowed all."

Mrs. Hutchins screwed her mouth into a cunning smile, and nodded her head. The good lady's old thirst for information had not left her, it appeared; for on her way out of the house she encountered the slatternly servant, and, assuming an insinuating fascination of manner, proceeded to cross-question her keenly. The girl was disposed to be communicative enough on the subject of her own hardships and wrongs, but was able to say very little regarding Clement. This much, however, Mrs. Hutchins drew from her; that a young gentleman named Charlewood lodged in the house, that he kept late hours, gave little trouble, and was, in the maid-of-all-work's opinion, "a rig'lar wild 'un."

"Lord bless me!" said Mrs. Hutchins, raising her hands and eyes in astonishment. "Well, live and learn, to be sure; but who'd ever ha' thought as my—ahem!—my young friend 'ud 'av turned out like that. I knowed him intimate in 'appier times, my dear, when the bloom was on his early brow, but now Otheller's ockypation's gone, and no mistake!"

"Lor!" said the slatternly servant.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Hutchins, warming into romance; "it's been a pretty considerable come-down for the lot of 'em. I was, I may say, 'and and glove with the famaly, and with the young lady as he kep' comp'ny with. But now things is changed. She wouldn't look at him now, Lord bless you, not she."

"More shame for her, if she was his sweet-heart oncet," said the dirty servant, with a spark of right womanly sympathy with misfortune, and respect for true love illumining her coarse face.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Hutchins, mysteriously, "you don't know all, my dear. There's famaly reasons as I *could* reveal, but my lips is sealed aromatically. So he lives here, quite by hisself, eh?"

"Mr. Charlewood do. Quite by hisself."

"I wonder what's got the others. Well, they was always a uppish lot. Sprung out of nothink, and returned back again to oblivium. Good morning, my dear."

Mrs. Hutchins betook herself along some streets at the back of Drury-lane, marvelling

much at her recent encounter with young Charlewood, and still more at the account given of him by the lodging-house servant.

AN IRISH RUN.

EVERY year I make a point of running over to some part or other of "the old country." I do so from conscientious motives, thinking it right to spend the very little I can put aside for "touring" in the poorest and least-visited portion of these islands. For the same reason, and also because it is good, strong, and serviceable, as well as cheap, I wear Irish frieze, and clothe my boys in it. I am Irish by blood; though I do not think this fact influences my practice, for I regret to say that I can scarcely ever persuade any born Irishman to do as I do. "What's the use," says he whom I try to tempt with samples of tweeds and double-milled beavers—"what's the use, till the land laws are set right?" or "till that monstrous abuse, the Established Church, is pulled down?" or, if he is of the other way of thinking, "so long as these rascally agitating priests have it all their own way, and are petted by successive governments, while honest men are left in the lurch?" However, as it seems to me that I, and my sons too, will very probably have gone beyond the need of coats and summer trips before those questions are settled, I go on as I began, reminding my friends and countrymen that the Flemings did not sit down and cease manufacturing because a good many important matters, such as feudalism municipal rights and, afterwards, religion, were being fiercely battled for among them.

This is an exceptional year. Everybody is at Paris; but still I could not help wondering that at place after place along the west coast nobody seemed on the move but priests, except, indeed, four "distinguished foreigners," Frenchmen, who had preceded me by some days, and of whose names the different hotel-keepers seemed immensely proud. This dearth of visitors more than accounts for some short-comings which are justly (among the many which are unjustly) laid to the charge of Irish inns. A fine hotel is built; everything is prepared in the best style for the guests, who do not come in remunerative numbers. The innkeeper falls back on farming; and when his window-lines break, he supplies their place by propping up the window with a bit of stick; when his plated forks wear out, he replaces them with iron; when his salt-spoons are lost, he does not replace them at all. This, of course, is not true of Killarney and a few other favoured spots, though even there the rush of tourists is never great enough to make the hotel proprietors feel quite comfortable. In such quarters there are (as there are in all the large Irish towns) hotels second to none in Europe. It is in places somewhat off the very few popular routes that the contrast with England is unfavourably seen. Inns have declined

in most of the country towns, for instance. Who is to support them? Absenteeism grows worse and worse, and railways enable the agent or other traveller to "move on" without indenting on the resources of the local capital for more than a mutton-chop. In one little (once fashionable) watering-place on the coast of Clare, Lahinch, where there is a really capital hotel, I wonder how its owner can have the heart to keep up anything, so utterly is the place deserted, except by "the peasantry," who have an immense love of sea-bathing, but who do not put up at the Victoria during their visit.

Lahinch, by the way, is just the place where a man who wants to economise should take his family for a month or two. It is far more accessible than Brittany, that paradise of economists. You get to Limerick. I being a Wessex man, and rather a good sailor, went across from Bristol direct to Waterford; but you may, if you please, go from Milford—a much smoother passage (I am told) than that by Holyhead. I fancy the Great Western will give you return tickets to Limerick. Thence it is an hour and a half by rail to Ennis, the capital of Clare, with its huge jail full of memories of the Terry-Alt days, and its column surmounted by a statue of "the Liberator," whose election for Clare settled off-hand the question of Catholic emancipation. At Ennis, a "two-horse car" meets the train, perhaps the pleasantest kind of vehicle ever invented for dry weather; and, as to weather, either I have been singularly lucky during a long series of years, or the Irish climate is shamefully maligned. I believe the fact is, people don't go to Ireland at the right time.

The Irish seasons are a little later than ours; and so the wet which we get in July comes on there in our usually dry August. Anyhow, this year I hear a great deal about rain in all parts of England, while over here those interested in potatoes are crying out for a wet day to swell the roots. Well. Your two-horse car drives you through a pretty country, past Ennistymon, an old seat of the O'Briens, where there are portraits of Sarsfield, the defender of Limerick, and lots more worthies of that and earlier dates, and where there is a river on whose stone flags you may see groups of girls who have had a dip in the sea, taking a fresh-water bath "to keep their skins in good order." At last you get to Lahinch, at the head of a fine bay with a castle on either point, and a lively little fishing village, Liscannor, on one side, and such a rush of water in from the Atlantic, that although the sea has a double rampart of very big shingle to break against it is constantly knocking down the parapet which bounds the esplanade. Who builds it up again I cannot understand; Irishmen are not given to do such things for themselves; most likely it is the government. Possibly some one has the repairing of it for a permanent job, just as they told me a contractor gets fifteen pounds a year for keeping the sand from getting over the road

just outside the place. For below the shingle there is plenty of sand at Lahinch. I'm not turfy, but I should think the beach would do admirably for a race-course at low tide. I don't claim originality for this idea. The idle donkey-boys (fancy their being left idle, when they can be hired, donkeys and all, for twopence and threepence an hour!) were putting it into practice; and I was sorry there was not here such a cavalcade as one meets of an afternoon along the Brighton Steyne: I am sure the horses would have liked Lahinch sands much the better of the two.

But I talked of economising. What do you think of a place where meat is sixpence a pound, where for threepence you can get fish enough for four people's Friday dinner, where eggs are sevenpence a dozen, and other things in proportion? Room rent, too, is very moderate compared with Welsh or English prices. One Cornelius O'Brien, who owns two "lodges" facing the sea, asks seven pounds for his best month, and six pounds for June; or, if you don't want so much accommodation and cannot stay so long, he will give you three rooms for fifteen shillings a week. At that rate, if you have been used to Bangor or Weymouth, you will pretty soon save your travelling expenses by coming to Lahinch. To attract you yet more, I will say that the coast to the south is exceedingly fine—Mal Bay it was called by the unfortunate crews of the Armada, who found evil enough there, as Spanish Point, where several of their ships went ashore, can testify. North of Lahinch, too, are the cliffs of Moher, rising five hundred and eighty-seven feet above the sea level, and stretching along unbroken for several miles. Their peculiarity, which adds much to their grandeur, is that they are not masked by any débris at the base. Either the mica-slate wears away differently from most other rocks, or the swell of the Atlantic is powerful enough to carry to a distance the fragments which it washes off.

Yet I have not much hope of getting you to Lahinch. I do, however, expect to be able to persuade you to try at least a short run to Connemara. I have just been making a dash over the old ground again; and, by detailing my route, I shall show what may be done in a single day in the way of sight-seeing in West Galway. From Lahinch I went to Lisdoonvarna, a "spa" not mentioned in any map or guide-book that I can find, and yet, just now, the most popular place in Ireland among the Munster people. I heard of it all the way off at Clonmel, and was told that patients came there even from America, much to the advantage (said my informant) of "poor Ireland" (as he called her), for whose good he himself could not be persuaded to wear a home-made coat or to use good Dublin instead of third-rate Sheffield cutlery. I did not find any but natives there. I had to dine with a lot of these at Lisdoonvarna. Three priests gave me a share of their car. They preferred the cheaper of the two hotels, so I went with them. I am not ambitious of sitting down to

table with grantees, but I do not like to be in company with three frouzy dames who take nothing but mutton-broth and dry toast, and with a herd of men who eat on an average five helpings apiece, beginning with a thick slice of hot fat bacon. What astonished me most was that nothing but water was drunk, except by the three ladies and the priests. Nor was a word spoken, except by the same six. Everybody seemed solemnly impressed with the duty of eating out his half-crown's worth; and, verily, although meat is at sixpence a pound, and the only pudding was a morsel of corn-flour blanc-manger with wine-sauce, and though—more Hibernico—they gave no cheese, I am sure some of the diners left Miss Ryan a very small margin for profit.

There was no bar for post-prandial liquoring at Miss Ryan's; the habit seemed to be to have the "materials" taken up to the bedrooms. At least, my clerical friends were grouped round cozy glasses of punch when I went up to say good-bye to them. I could not stay in Lisdoonvarna. I dreaded what breakfast might be. So I just saw the "spas," which are curious enough—a magnesia water, a chalybeate, and a sulphur spring, all pretty near each other in the gorge of a wild stream which has hollowed out a way through the black shale that looks as if the coal which is always making itself expected in Irish strata had here at last actually cropped out. Alas! it is only the look! In another spot there are two springs, sulphur and iron, within a hand's breadth of each other. Lisdoonvarna ought to be the Harrowgate of Ireland. I am sure its sulphur water is nasty enough, and smells strongly enough in a hot sun to warrant the adoption of the title; but then a sulphur spa above all others wants baths, and there is no corporation here, as in Bath or Buxton, to pet the "waters," and lose so many hundred a year on them for the good of the town. Lisdoonvarna is blessed with a landlord who won't grant a single lease, and who raises the rent the moment his tenants show any signs of improving their habitations. So the wonder is that the "lodges" are as good as they are, and everybody exclaims against the recklessness of the other hotel-keeper, who has been building, and has really made a grand coffee-room, on ground his lease of which, held from a former proprietor, has only a few years to run. I can't help thinking that the strange blindness which Irish landlords show to their own interests and to those of the country is the real secret of Ireland's backwardness. If they would do as English landlords do, either make the improvements themselves or make it worth their tenants' while to make them, instead of acting in a way which bars all improvement, things would go on as merrily as in the old ditty, where the fire begins to burn the stick, the stick to beat the dog, and so forth. Until this happens, I fear that, despite all the efforts of Dr. Apjohn of Dublin to make known the virtues of its waters, Lisdoonvarna must remain for most people, except the lower and

middle-class Irish of Munster, just what it is now—a patch of white houses (some, by the way, surprisingly good and well-furnished) in the midst of a dreary peat bog.

I became so extravagant in my anxiety to get out of the "spa," that I actually went the length of taking a car all to myself for Ballyvaughan, on the Clare side of Galway Bay, where I heard there would be a chance of getting across to Galway for a shilling. A drearier country than that between these two places it is hard to imagine. Every time I come to Ireland I wonder more and more at our strange popular errors about it.

But the greatest mistake is to talk of Ireland as immensely fertile, and only kept back by the laziness of its inhabitants. There are very rich tracts in Ireland, but there is also a very large amount of very poor land. Peat bog is not an encouraging soil, especially when the subsoil is hungry sand. But peat bog can, by the hard labour of squatters, enticed by a four years' immunity from rent, and then "strung up pretty high" when they have got their ground into order, be made to bear something. The rocks of Burren and a good deal more of the county of Clare cannot by any possibility produce aught but mutton—excellent indeed, but very small, and at the rate of so few sheep to the acre that the rent of a "bulk" of rock-land is a scarcely appreciable quantity. Imagine a bare flat surface of white limestone, and fancy a giant setting himself to plough this in single ridges. Suppose, moreover, that besides being a foolish giant for his pains, he has taken a glass too much, so that his plough works unevenly, swaying a little from side to side, while the furrows are sometimes too close, at other times so wide apart as to leave quite a strip of limestone between them. Then let grass, and wild thyme, and cistus, grow up in the furrows; and let the bare rock between be weather-worn and split and seamed, and carved with what some enthusiasts call "Druid basins," and sometimes so rubbed away along the edges of a whole ridge that, with its hollows and protuberances, it looks like the backbone of some great monster; and, when you have done all this, you will have some notion of the Clare sheep-walks. If, instead of a level, you have a hill, you find it terraced, each terrace with its own perpendicular wall, until you begin to think that this must be Edom, not Ireland, and that those rock-walls, with what might well stand for doorways marked upon them, belong to the necropolis of some Celtic Petra. That, alternating with and relieved by bog (for bog is to me infinitely less depressing than such a stony wilderness), is the sort of country through which I drove to Ballyvaughan, a little fishing-town which lies in an amphitheatre of terraced hills such as I have tried to describe, and down into which the descent is by a road appropriately named the corkscrew.

At Ballyvaughan (which consists at most of twenty-five houses, so that the idea of staying a night there was terrible) I dashed along to the

pier, paid off my car, and found that the "packet" did not sail till the morning, "perhaps not then," and that a gentleman had two hours before paid fifteen shillings to be taken across in a fishing-smack. Here was a turf-boat getting ready to start for Connemara with the turn of the tide. "With a wind like this, she'll do it in four hours or less, sir," said the coast-guard man, a jolly Cork "boy;" and of all Irish people that I know the Cork men are the jolliest, as the Cork women are the fairest. Had I been "without encumbrance," I should have got some provisions and ventured; but I was the slave of letters, nay, of telegrams; so I bargained with three men to take me across for six shillings in a corrach, the canoe commonly used on this coast—a light wooden framework, covered with tarred sail-cloth, keelless in order that it may be dragged over sloping rocks.

Off we set, and three sturdier rowers I never saw. It was very smooth; and, when once I got reconciled to the idea that at any moment a cut from my knife would let in the waves, which, as they dashed against the stern, made the canvas perceptibly give way, I enjoyed the swift easy rush of the light boat over the surface. The men, who could scarcely speak any English, said they often went to the Isles of Arran in winter. "On a smooth day?" I opined. "No, but on a rough," they replied. "The boat is like a duck; she do be jumping along over the top of the waves." I was glad she did not have to try that mode of proceeding during my transit, though I found that my boys, whom I left at Kilkee, had been out in a pretty rough sea, and had admired with a little trembling the duck-like motions of their corrach. We were to make the distance in two hours and a half. Alas for human plans! The night grew very dark, and it soon became evident that my crew did not understand the Galway lights. We ran aground—we drawing, perhaps, four inches of water. Two of the men got out, and tried to find the channel.

They then said there was no channel, and they must lie by till the tide came in. Now, I knew Galway Bay was shallow. I knew it to my cost, for I had had something to do with Lever's ocean steamers; but I did not believe that even at the lowest tide it was as shallow all over as that. So at last I got them to drop down and ask the way of a trawler moored near the light-house. Then ensued a loud parley in Irish, the result of which was that we got our course, and reached the dock-steps about an hour and a half after our time. Very angry with things and people in general, I sped off to the mail-car office, where the exceeding courtesy of the lady-clerk soon put me in good humour. Far from being vexed at having to talk to a stranger tourist just about midnight, she counselled me as to my route, and even marked down for me the distances, and showed me how, by a little management, I might see all the best

of the country, and be back in Galway next night.

In high spirits I went off to Black's Hotel. Here there was such a crowd on the stairs and at the door that I thought a Fenian general had been just captured inside. However, as I was walking side by side with a waiter, and endeavouring to extract something practical out of his assurance that I might have "anything" for supper, I found myself nearly enveloped in a haze of tulle, the wearers of which were hastening up to the ball-room. It was the assize ball, so I thought my chop would be far too commonplace to be attended to, and turned into Webb's, next door, where (to the credit of Galway) I got the best chop, with three kidneys attached, that I had eaten for a long time. This despatched, I had an argument on mixed education with two fellows who were waiting my departure to enjoy their shake-downs in the coffee-room (they took the opposite view to mine, so I had a pleasure in keeping them out of bed), and, a little before two, I started from the post-office on the two-horse mail car. I hope Galway is not always so late in its habits. I fear it is, though; for if assize-balls only come now and then, the Dublin mail goes out every midnight, and this must be a dissipating thing for a city which depends so much on those who come and go by train.

My only fear on the mail car was that I might roll off: I have a habit of falling asleep outside stage-coaches. So I strapped myself on, and slept what I think is called a dog's sleep almost as far as Oughterard, waking every now and then to see more trees than I had seen all the time I had been in Clare, and to catch a side-long glimpse at Lough Corrib. At Oughterard it was broad daylight, so I could see the three churches, Roman, Anglican, Wesleyan, whose respective flocks used to have such unseemly squabbles, and the neat houses of the parsons, and the schools, and the orphanage; I had time, too, to wonder how the Oughterard folks live, what is the place's *raison d'être*, before the fresh horses were put to. Then we drove on through country growing lovelier every half mile. "The pathless wilds of Connemara?" said I. Why this is fertility itself compared with the Lisdoonvarna bogs and the rocks of Burren. The whole valley, from Oughterard to Ballynahinch, seemed warm and cheerful. It had had nearly three months' dry weather, as a despairing Englishman who had been trying to fish the lakes told me. But I don't think that, even in wet weather, this part of Connemara can be cheerless. The grand evil is the want of human habitations. Eviction has gone through the land like a pestilence. The people have disappeared before it. The few who remain work with heavy hearts at vastly increased rents. Some good to the country may come of this by-and-by, but at present the only good is to the few—very few—out of the thousands who are gone, who are "doing well" in the New World. It is not pleasant, where there is surely little tillage enough, to see the

trace of the old furrows all along the slopes of the hills.

"All the people worth anything are dead or gone," said the English fisherman: he has been there every year for the last thirteen years, and so he ought to know. "Those who are left are either too weak to do a good day's work, or too demoralised to care to try." But I don't want to be political, so let me call on you to admire this chain of lakes sparkling in the sun, some studded with islets, some with their banks richly wooded, for wood will grow (if people have patience) at any rate here and there in Connemara. Glan-da-loch, on Garromin Lake, is a case in point. Here Dean Mahon added to the "natural wood," and (as the guide-books say) the place, now a hotel, "is the only cheering spot in the waste between Oughterard and Ballynahinch."

At Ballynahinch Dick Martin ruled. We all remember Martin, of Martin's Act; and, locally, others of the name were equally famous. One had a great fancy for putting down "patterns," and got terribly beaten at a fair where he attempted in person to stop the head-breaking. They are gone. The ruined heiress of the last Martin was drowned miserably as she was going with her betrothed to America after the famine had done its worst. How many emigrant ships strangely came to grief in those sad times! The old O'Flaherty's castle on the island—which Colonel Martin used as his prison, and out of which outlaw Burke made him give up a famous Terry-Alt by bringing a wild troop of Mayo men round the colonel's house and threatening to burn him in it if the prisoner was not released—is no longer tenanted. All this time I have had on my left hand the flattened hills of "Joyce's country," old land of giants now unhappily almost extinct, and the "twelve Pins," the highest of which is two thousand four hundred feet high, but which look much higher because of their rugged forms, and because they rise so steeply out of the flat valley.

Before nine I get to Clifden, and breakfast at Mullarkey's hotel, with "appointments" quite luxurious after those to which I have been accustomed in Clare. The waiter, a Tipperary boy who boasts that he always speaks the thing that is, urges me to take the round planned out by the lady-clerk aforesaid. "There's nothing to see here," says he. "If you were going to bathe for some time it's a very nice place; or if you wanted to look over the schools, now, and see how the two religions get on together, I might recommend it. But your best plan is to do as she told you; and" (here came out the reason for his anxiety) "I've got two clergymen who'll be very glad to join you in a car." I am happy to state that my "clergymen" were Dublin priests; if that diocese numbers many like them, it is far happier in its priests than some of the dioceses further south seem to be. They were gentlemen in every sense of the word, and highly educated withal. And now began the loveliest drive I have ever had in my life, not

the most wonderful, of course, for there are no snow-mountains here; but the shapes of glen, and mountain, and lake, and sea-inlet, are so beautiful and so varying that I am sure there is nothing in the three kingdoms to match them. Ireland has often been called the ugly picture in the beautiful frame; and hence it may be that its beauty, where it is beautiful, is so continuous. Even in Snowdonia there are every now and then uninteresting patches. How large these are in Scotland every walking tourist knows to his sorrow. Here there is no break in the lovely wildness. The interest never flags the whole way, as you sweep round by Streamstown Bay and half a dozen other coves, and, passing Letterfrack and Kylemore, with its two lakes, get at last to that grand gulf, the Killeries. Every look forward or back gave us some new bit of beauty. It was almost fatiguing, from the constant demand on the attention, either to mark islands glinting far out on the sunny sea, or natural woods of birch and dwarf oaks, or long slopes of green down the whole stretch of a mountain-side, or patches of purple heather, or tufts by the roadside of that large-belled Irish heath which is only found on the western coast. We had splendid weather, just cloud enough to give us shadows drifting over the mountains, along with a sun so hot and bright as to make everything rejoice except the car-horse as he was toiling up-hill. Of course we could have done better with more wood. The beauty of it where it has been planted only made us the more regret that old Irish landlords were not of the mind of that canny Scot whose advice to his son was, "Be aye dibblin' in a tree, Jock, while ye're haudin' clavers wi' ony ane. They'll grow, d'ye mind, while ye're sleeping."

Leenane, at the head of the Killeries bay, is a place I should like to stay a week at, if I had free fishing, and also a yacht to sail down the gulf whenever I felt so minded. Instead of that, I only stay there ten minutes, enough time to get another car, and to buy from some ingenuous little girls Connemara stockings at one shilling a pair—wonderfully cheap, they tell me at home, and are vexed that I didn't buy up the whole stock—and a pennyworth of Irish diamonds from a dear little boy. He only asked a penny, and I didn't like to "spoil him" by giving more. More beauties, and ever fresher ones, bring us to Maam, where is the hotel of which Lord Leitrim, by way of illustrating Irish hospitality, secured all the rooms in order that his enemy, Lord Carlisle, might not be able to stay the night there. The innkeeper has lately died a sad death. He got drunk at a fair, and was taken home and put to bed; but, as he became very violent, they locked him into the room, leaving him a candle by the bedside at which to light his pipe. By-and-by they heard screams, but attributed them to his drunken efforts to get out. When they did go to look, they found him so fearfully burnt that he died in a day or two after. The Irish short pipe, by the way, seldom causes any accident, despite

the reckless way in which it is used; for it is now constantly protected by a metal cap, so that it may be thrust lighted into the pocket without burning a hole, as it used so often to do before.

Close to Maam, on an island, on an arm of Lough Corrib, stands Caislen na Circe, the Hen's Castle, the legend about which I may perhaps tell you some other day. My clerical friends went on to Cong. I hope they will move their brethren of the neighbourhood to get the great burial-ground there better cared for. Heaps of skulls and thigh-bones, bits of coffins, old coffin-plates, and tombstones just resting on a few loose slates, are by no means pleasing mementos mori. It is hard to understand how a sensitive and imaginative people can allow such a state of things to go on. Anyhow, it is a matter in which the priests might enforce a change for the better, if they would but try. Their influence would of course be all-sufficient in an arrangement of that kind. I am Irish to the backbone—much more Irish than the Irish, I am constantly being told; but I cannot help getting in a rage whenever I see an Irish churchyard. Why should their grave-stones be laid in that way, more like those of some outlandish savages than of decent Christians? Why is the whole place too often a neglected wilderness of nettles and bits of broken stone? I will tell you the "why" which my father used to give for this savagery. In the bad old times (said he) the Orangemen, after their drinking-bouts, would sally forth, and, instead of "wrecking" a few cottiers' cabins, would sometimes, by way of a change, wreck an old abbey with its churchyard. The poor slaves, whom the penal laws had reduced below the level of manhood, still clung to the burial-places of their fathers; but they abstained on purpose from decorating or even cleansing them. Cui bono? The adornment would only have been a sort of challenge to the vindictive enemy. Hence the habit of neglect and the painful disregard for things rightly held in reverence. And, as the tyrant's oppression is always visited on himself, the Orangeman grew as careless about the decent ordering of churchyards as he had driven the Catholic to be. He was like the Englishmen of the Georgian age, whose habits in regard to churchyards Hogarth has so remorselessly stereotyped. And let us not be too hard on Ireland, remembering that when most of us were boys, chuck-farthing was played on many an English gravestone, as it is in the picture of the Idle Apprentice, and bone-heaps were almost as common over here as they are now over there. But it is high time for better things. Orangeism has had its fangs drawn this long while; and, if there were but such a thing in Ireland as proper public opinion, it would already have taught the natives the same "sweeter manners" which it has brought in vogue among ourselves. This is a digression. I had been dropped by my two priests just by the Hen's Castle. Thence, after a "lunch" at Maam Hotel, I marched off along the four-mile road to meet

the car at Shindilla cross-roads. The view back was for some time magnificent. A storm seemed rising among the Pins, and the scene reminded me of Llanberis Pass, softening down in front into the Breconshire Beacons. This was followed, as soon as I had crossed the water-shed, by a very good imitation of the vale of Ffestiniog. A very good imitation it was, with the "Pins" on the right in their evening grandeur, the Iar Con-naught range, dark purple, in front, the low hills nearer—golden green or glorified grey, as the sloping sun glints along them, and the crowd of little lakes (covered, some of them, with white water-lilies), some of which (I know) are the head-waters of Loch Corrib.

I was in good time for the car. I don't like having to meet such things; their time is very uncertain; so I acted on the principle impressed on me at the Clifden office: "It's better for you to be waiting for it than expecting it to be waiting for you." Almost as soon as we started, the sunset began. I really think the sun in Ireland very often goes to bed by Greenwich time. I have seen many good sunsets, but never one to beat this. The whole sky was on fire. The "Pins" were glorified; they did not seem the same as those up whose sides in the early morning I had watched the mists creep. When we lost them by a turn in the road, we were consoled by the mountain north-east of them, which literally glowed red. "It always looks well when there's a fine sunset; we call it *Shaun na Gruine*, the shining of the sun," remarked a fellow-traveller.

But the sky was as beautiful as the mountains. Above the fire which glowed over the mountain-tops were masses of purple light, edged with flame, and floating in an ocean of duller purple. The west, too, was red; and the lake between was literally flooded with colour. Ireland is the land of sunsets. I should suppose the dampness has something to do with it, only that Indian friends tell me I should never talk of sunsets again if I saw one over the Neilgherries. As it is, I have three sun-effects to choose from: my first love, the Killarney Reeks as I once saw them from the top of Mangerton when the sun was going down; this Connemara sunset; and one (it was a sunrise) behind the rock of Theben, in the Danube, off Pressburg. Soon it got twilight, and one of the party told anecdotes of the Martins, while the other detailed how, while wolves were still found in the district, an Irish Androcles had pulled a great thorn out of a wolf's foot, and tended the animal till it recovered. The grateful beast went off, but soon after reappeared in company with another wolf, the two between them leading a fine Kerry cow, which they placed unharmed beside the man's door. He had the cow proclaimed at the chapel, but could not hear of any owner. It is this which makes me suspect the story. The wolves may have done what is laid to their charge, but the Galway man would never have been so weak as to "advertise" his winnings.

At last, after a long delay at Oughterard, we got to the city of Galway "in time for dinner," before starting off by the midnight train. I have not told of half I saw in my run. I don't think any one can describe scenery; he can only indicate to others what he has found worth seeing; the best part always vanishes in description. I wish I could describe Hynes, the driver of the mail car, up beside whom I sat when I had unstrapped myself that sunny morning. Not a bit of show, yet as much quiet humour in him as in half a score of carmen. "Much game here, driver?" "Pretty well of that, sir, now; the hares like the Fenians,"—because, let me explain, of the Arms Act. How good he is, too, about "improvements" of the breed, ending sometimes like the attempts to better the old Irish hen, which gives more eggs and bigger than any of its rivals, Cochins or no Cochins, after all. Coming in with me were a lean Lancashire farmer and his wife. I think the man was intending to "prospect" a farm. Anyhow, he was full of that self-assurance which has so constantly led the English to success, but which is naturally offensive to those against whom it is asserted. Nothing was right in Connemara; he could, by doing so and so, make the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Hynes was too cynical to put him down, but he gave him two or three hints by which he might have felt, had he not been too obtuse to feel anything but a kick, that maxims which suit one country well are not necessarily of equal force in another. Hynes is a sharp man; there is near, "Recess," the pretty wood-surrounded inn at the first stage beyond Oughterard, a place where they have made a good many attempts at mining. "Ah," said he, "if all that has been sunk in trying to make Irish mines pay, had been laid out in draining bogs, we should not have had the famine so bad."

Have I made you feel anything of the exceeding beauty and the intense solitude of the country round Kylemore? There, where fuchsia hedges show that man is close by, though not seen, we pass a brood of wild ducks enjoying themselves among the white water-lilies. A Mr. Charles Henry, by the way, who owns a patch of land just there, constantly keeps a hundred men at work with his building and planting. May his work last long, and his capital never grow less! He has a fine patch of the natural wood, all of which grows on the north of the dales, sheltered from the north wind. These woods of his are a great relief. I can't help thinking that if the Killeries had plantations made at intervals, there would be no such "fiord" along the whole coast. Go and see the grand amphitheatre of hills into which you seem to enter as you near Leenane. Moolreagh, one of the hills, is two thousand seven hundred feet high, but its fine form makes it look far higher. Why not ships in that safe "ocean gorge" (as the tourists' book calls it), and mills of all kinds turned by the never-failing water-power of the hills, and a teeming population, each with his own patch of ground,

"won from the waste," which he and his might till "after hours"? It is melancholy to think that nothing is done here but a little tourists' stocking-knitting and lobster-catching; and that if a man like Mr. Henry stayed his hand, more still must emigrate or go into the workhouse. What folly! if, indeed, the strength of a country lie in its stalwart men and hearty women. What a sad spectacle, too, is an Irish workhouse. It is, go where you will, the biggest building to be seen about any country town. Sometimes the county lunatic asylum almost rivals it; sometimes a new convent runs it rather hard. Convents and workhouses! I know the two don't necessarily go together; yet in Ireland they stand in ominous proximity, and both look the newest samples of building and the best. If there must be workhouses, why not plant them in the midst of some bog, and feed the people well, insisting at the same time on their working well? In that way your workhouse would soon become self-supporting. It is astonishing how quickly most bog-land yields a tidy crop, and people working en masse could drain better than little cottiers working each man for himself. The only thing needful would be to give plenty of good food. A man can't drain bog, or do any other useful work in this world, on skillogalee.

Now, I've only told what I saw during this last brief "refresher" in Connemara; I have said nothing of the road by Lough Inagh, out of which lake rises a precipice twelve hundred feet high; nor of the islands, such as Inisbofin, which are a study in themselves, both as to scenery and antiquities; neither have I taken you to Delphi Lodge, on the Mayo side of the Killeries, in the glen leading to which are three small lakes, one of which, some two miles long, well deserves its name of Dhu Lough, for I never saw anything so wildly gloomy as the scenery amid which it lies. All I have wished to do is to point the district out. There is plenty there to occupy the pedestrian for a month; if he have his rod in his hand, and can use it, so much the better. The "Law Life" will charge him ten shillings a day for the lower lakes; but up the mountains the waters are mostly free, and even elsewhere the rules of the "Law Life" are not over-well enforced. My advice is, if you go, first go well through the country by car till you have "got its bearings." Then take knapsack, or better, if you have the means, buy a Connemara pony (he'll pay to export afterwards, if you don't knock him up, which you will be hardly able to do), and get over the ground more quickly. Anyhow, if you do nothing else, make the little run here indicated. Even if you only get the twenty hours in Connemara which I got this first week in August, you will have seen something which few parts of Europe, and certainly no part of the British Islands, can parallel. There are sweeter bits at Killarney, there are grander bits in the Highlands, there are bits more magnificent in Snowdonia or under Helwellyn, because you there have higher mountains; but there are no such

seventy miles of road in the United Kingdom as from Galway to Clifden, and round by Lennane and Maam to the Galway road again.

HYPOCRISY AND CANDOUR.

Tom says he always tells the truth,
Though an unpleasant duty;
While Jack, a less punctilious youth,
Would praise a Satyr's beauty.

But somehow, when you hear them both,
Their diff'rent manners trying,
You take Jack's praises, nothing loth,
And hope that Tom is lying.

You know that Jack is not sincere,
While Tom is full of virtue;
But one can *sometimes* please your ear,
The other's *sure* to hurt you.

Jack's ready lie has such success,
'Twill please you though you doubt it;
Tom never tells the truth, unless
You'd rather be without it.

Falsehood a paltry vice may be—
Plain-speaking may be grander—
But, though I hate Hypocrisy,
I loathe too fulsome Candour.

A NEW PORTRAIT-GALLERY.

It was once the fortune of the writer of these lines to employ a carpenter who, whenever he inserted a screw into any part of his work, always, before he did so, took the trouble of anointing the instrument with tallow or some other kind of grease, which he called the "friend." On being asked what was his motive for administering this unction, his reply was that he did it for the benefit of the person, whoever he might be, who should have, one of these days, to extract that same screw, and whose task this application of grease would render very much easier of execution than it otherwise would have been. There was a principle involved in the proceeding of this carpenter—in all respects a very honest man—which we are most of us inclined to lose sight of. He was acting for the benefit of posterity.

This small anecdote is appropriate here, because the project, the carrying out of which is to be urged in this paper, is one which, in some respects, affects those who will live after us more than it does ourselves. It does affect us too, or the case would be desperate; but it touches the interest of those who will walk on this stage, when we have walked off it. The project in question is the formation of a National Collection of Photographic Portraits of eminent and remarkable persons, to be got together and preserved in some public institution.

There are various opinions as to the value, and still more as to the satisfactoriness, of photographic portraits. Of some individuals it is said that they do not make good photographs.

People will even say—generally after having proclaimed that they know whose physiognomy it is that is presented before them—"Well! I should really not have known who it was intended for." Such critics will remark, moreover, looking disparagingly at the portrait before them: "It is not my idea of him," or "It looks too serious," or "too ferocious." "The hands," they will say, "are too big," or "the feet are out of all proportion." The criticism of the audience to which a photographic likeness is submitted may be of this sort, or even more severe yet; but it cannot be denied that that portrait, whether it excites approval or disapproval, is a reproduction of a face presented at a certain moment to the surface of a mirror which retained the image reflected upon it. Whether the face so reflected was truly reflected—whether it was presented under favourable or under unfavourable circumstances—whether the lights and shadows were so thrown upon it as to develop its beauties, or to bring out its defects—whether the view selected was the most characteristic or the most favourable—these are all points which may legitimately be called in question. One thing, however, is certain; the object that we see reproduced, was really presented before a plate chemically prepared to receive and to retain whatever was placed in front of it. A mechanical contrivance, like the photographic process, can neither invent nor omit; there may be defects in the working of that piece of machinery, there may be exaggeration in the size of the objects which happen to be nearest to the lens, there may be inaccuracy, produced by some trifling movement on the part of the sitter; but in the main we feel, in looking at a photographic portrait, that we know pretty well what the person who sat for it was like.

And, moreover, we certainly know that at least there has been no voluntary tampering with the face represented. There is a tendency in portrait-painters to humour their subjects a little. "This is an intellectual character," says the artist. "I must make the most of the forehead and the eyes, and reduce the lower part of the face, ever so little, in size." The artist does so, and a "commanding brow," and a "mouth and chin indicative of great refinement," are the result; together, probably, with a total deficiency of force, and a loss of individuality and character. We have had too many of these garbled representations of illustrious men. We want to see a remarkable man as he was; not as a portrait-painter thinks he ought to have been. If the hero were of a puny figure, and of a frail build, let us be made aware of it; if the man of genius had a disappointing forehead, let that be proclaimed also. We may learn something through such revelation, and correct our notions (generally very erroneous) of what *is* a disappointing forehead. We have most of us known instances of low and retreating foreheads from out of which great thoughts have issued, as we have of grand and ponderous brows behind whose mighty fastnesses there has

lurked a prodigious amount of stupidity and weakness. At all events, let us see the man as he was, and harmonise his work and his appearance as best we may. They will generally be found, on reflection, to correspond very closely.

No doubt an adherence to the peculiarities and individualities of his model is more aimed at by the portrait-painter now, than it was a few years ago. It is not now considered essential that a man should be eight heads high—that is, that his head should go eight times in his height from crown to heel; nor is it deemed indispensable that the form of a lady's mouth should approximate to that of the cupid's bow; but still, the "ought to be" is more considered than the lover of truth could wish, and it is to be feared that the faces of public characters are improved upon before they are hung up in Trafalgar-square, just as their speeches are said to be doctored before they reach us in the public prints.

It is because people have become so accustomed to this improving process that they are so apt to quarrel with their photographic portraits as they commonly are. They have been so long accustomed to have their eyes enlarged, and their noses, and mouths, and jaws reduced, that when they find themselves represented as they really are, they are apt to be disappointed and angry. It may even happen that, unless they are posed very carefully indeed, and at a considerable distance from the photographic apparatus, the more ignoble portions of their countenances will be unduly insisted upon, and that the "ought-not-to-be" qualities which their faces exhibit will even be slightly exaggerated. It is certain that photographic portraits do not flatter, and that, in the case of ladies especially, they cannot always be said even to do justice to the originals; nevertheless, their value is incalculably great, and most of us would rather see a photograph of some one concerning whom our curiosity has been powerfully excited than a painted portrait.

Suppose, for instance, that some one were to find out that photography was a much older invention than has generally been imagined. Suppose we were to learn that it had flourished in the Elizabethan age, and that a photographic portrait of Shakespeare, concerning whose authenticity there could be no doubt, had been discovered. With what prodigious haste we should all rush off to inspect it! What would then be the worth of all your Chandos portraits, and the rest of the miserably unconvincing likenesses of the poet, with which people try to satisfy themselves, and which are so entirely unsatisfactory, and so irreconcilable with what Shakespeare did, that one thinks it would be better to let them alone altogether, and turn them with their faces to the wall and have done with them. What wonderful revelations would be made to us, too. We should be so surprised at first to see how unlike this portrait was to the "gentleman with the turn-down collar and tassels," whom we know so much too well. We should be

perhaps disappointed, as well as surprised at first; but then, as we looked longer, we should get to see and understand it all. We should find somewhere—maybe in the eyes or round about them—some of that penetration which told him that "when love begins to sicken and decay, it useth an enforced ceremony," or that, to tortured Lear, the misery and degradation of "Mad Tom" could only be accounted for by his having "unkind daughters." What discoveries we should make, too, among those delicate markings about the mouth, which could not be wanting. What abundance of sarcastic power, yet how much of pity. What contempt for evil, what admiration of good, and withal what sympathy with suffering!

And if with this hypothetical portrait were associated others of such men as Watt, Harvey, Marlborough, Hogarth, Pitt, Nelson, what a national portrait-gallery that would be, and how—to use the theatrical phrase—it would draw! And yet just such a collection of modern illustrious persons might be formed now for the benefit of future ages.

What seems, then, to be wanted is, that, as we have already a national collection of painted portraits, so we should proceed to get together a collection of likenesses taken by the photographic process, to be chosen and preserved by persons selected especially on account of their fitness for the work, and who should be national servants in the employ of the public. This is not an undertaking which ought to be left to private enterprise; for, in that case, we should have no security that the portraits would be preserved at all—no assurance that they would not in time get to be destroyed or lost; while there would be every reason to fear that the portraits of those persons whose likenesses we most want might not be those which it would be most to the interest of the trade to preserve. It often happens that the portrait of a really remarkable personage will prove in the dealers' hands a less saleable commodity than that of some public favourite of the moment, concerning whose lineaments posterity will not care one single straw. If the photograph of a dancer, an acrobat, or a comic singer, sell better than that of a great philosopher or a luminary of science, we may be sure that the negatives of the dancer, the acrobat, or the comic singer, will be more carefully preserved and more closely looked after than that of the philosopher or scientific luminary.

There would be many important points which it would be necessary to consider in organising any such institution as this which we have been considering. It would be needful to ascertain—and to do this no amount of pains should be spared—which among the many photographic portraits taken of eminent persons was the best, and the most to be relied on. And in coming to a decision on this question, it seems only fair that the original of the portrait should have a voice. Supposing many portraits of a great author, for instance, to be in existence, he should be allowed to say by which he would

choose, and still more, by which he would *not* choose, to be represented for the benefit of posterity. If a man have had two photographs done of him, one of which, owing to some unfortunate combination of lights and shadows, makes him look like a murderer, while the other shows him as a respectable and amiable member of society, it would be hard if he were obliged to submit to be represented by the first of the two. It will be remembered by most persons who have had much experience of sitting for photographs, that at least one of their portraits has been suggestive of murderous tendencies in the original, while another has conveyed the idea of a simpering humbug. These unhappy results are oftener attributable to our own misdoing than we think. In sitting for our portraits we are apt to begin by trying to look preternaturally wise, and in making this attempt our features assume a homicidal cast. Horrified at this state of things, we smile, and behold the humbug appears! These two phases passed through, some of us, in the endeavour to steer clear of both extremes, and to resemble neither murderers nor hypocrites, are apt to fall into yet another pitfall, in some respects more terrible than the other two, and to contract an air of chronic imbecility. Suppose a dozen different portraits taken from the same original, each will probably differ in so many respects from all the others, that in some cases it might prove desirable to have more than one portrait of a single personage.

And the getting together of some such collection of national photographic portraits should by no means be put off as a thing which may be delayed for an indefinite period, and thought of "some of these days." Many eminent persons have already died since the art of photography came into existence, the negatives of whose portraits are in private hands—in the hands, that is, of professional photographers—who are continually taking as many impressions of them as they are able to find a market for. Such negatives should at once be sought out and bought up before it is too late; and if it be the case that there is no method by which they can be preserved, if it be in their very nature to fade away and perish, then would it not be well that before they do so, fac-simile engravings should be made from them, that they may be secured for ever?

As to this question of the durability of photographic portraits, and of the negatives from which they are taken, there seems to be diversity of opinion among professors. We all know that the portraits themselves are apt to fade. The private collections of these which most of us possess include not a few specimens which are but the ghosts of what they once were; and year by year we see portraits to which we attach the greatest value becoming more and more indistinct. It is said that in Paris and elsewhere certain discoveries have been made—and that recently—which will remove this great objection to photographic likenesses. It

may be so, or it may not. Time alone can prove. Meanwhile, until we know certainly that an imperishable photographic impression is an attainable thing, it is to the negative from which impressions can continually be obtained with which to replace the old ones as they become indistinct, that we naturally attach the greatest value.

The general opinion among practical men seems to be that, accidents apart, these negatives are *not* perishable. It seems probable that there is nothing inherently perishable in the thing itself. There is, however, nothing more liable to accidental injuries than one of these negatives. It is originally taken upon glass, the fraillest of all substances. Then again, the composition with which the completed negative is varnished, may be defective: in which case the surface will crack, to the utter destruction of the portrait. The smallest substance—what we familiarly know as a piece of grit—brought into contact with the delicate surface, may destroy it in a moment; while if it should come to be scratched or rubbed, there is an end of it.

Now, the case standing thus—the photographic negative being, in itself and when protected from external injury, as far as we know, a durable thing, but being in a pre-eminent degree liable to all sorts of accidents, any one of which may render it worthless—it seems to follow that, in cases where this negative is a valuable piece of property, not to say a treasure impossible to replace, it ought to enjoy every chance that careful guardianship can give it, of immunity from misadventure. Such immunity it certainly does not enjoy when left to encounter all the risks of the establishment of a professional photographer. The artist cannot attend to everything himself, but is compelled, perforce, to entrust the keeping of even his most valuable portraits to assistants and servants. Accidents are happening continually, and sometimes when he inquires for the negative of an especially eminent person, it is brought to him in two pieces, or with a great scratch across its surface from end to end. Of course we all know that by no system of human organisation can accident be wholly guarded against; but we also know that by the employment of precaution the danger to be apprehended from casualties may be reduced to a minimum. It is mainly by use that the security of negatives is endangered, as every time they are handled there is undoubtedly some risk of injury run. It follows that the less they are used, the less likely are they to receive harm. The negatives of any portraits included in a national collection would be but seldom used. It would be needful to take off some few impressions at first starting for the portrait-gallery itself, and also for preservation in public establishments in our own country towns, or in the colonies. These once supplied, the negative would be put away in some specially safe place, and no further use would be made of it until new impressions were required, either by reason of those originally taken being worn out, or in

consequence of the establishment of new institutions at home or abroad.

There is one element in this proposal which should always be kept in sight. The project is pre-eminently an economical project, and there would be no need to dip at all deeply into the national pocket. The space required for the exhibition of a collection of photographs would not be large. No new buildings would be needed, as there are plenty of existing institutions of which such an establishment might form a part. The chief outlay would be in the purchase of portraits already in existence, and the taking of new portraits. As to the staff of employed persons, it should be of the smallest. One practical man, thoroughly well acquainted with the technicalities of the art, would be required to keep the portraits, and to take new impressions, as new impressions might be required. A photographic establishment for the taking of portraits would not be desirable. Men of genius, and persons of rare gifts or accomplishments, are ordinarily difficult customers to deal with, and are especially hard to get hold of when they are wanted to sit for their portraits. They must be caught when they can be caught, and, if possible, when they are in pliant humour. They would never come in cold blood to a central establishment to be "taken" for the collection, nor, even if they were persuaded to do so, would a favourable likeness be likely to be got of them under such circumstances. Besides which, there would be great danger of monotony in the treatment of the subjects. The better plan would be to seek far and wide for the most successful photographs of such persons as should be thought worthy of being represented in the collection, and to buy up such portraits wherever they might appear. As to voluntary contributions, it would be necessary to exercise the greatest circumspection in admitting any such.

One word more concerning the practical advantages which might accrue to ourselves from the adoption of such a scheme, and enough will, for the present, have been said about it. There are plenty of living people who, by reason of their habitually leading a retired life, or from other causes, have had no opportunities of seeing some of the most distinguished men of their own day, but as to whose outward appearance they may yet feel a considerable amount of laudable curiosity. If the scheme under discussion were carried out, such people would have abundant opportunities of gratifying their curiosity, as, even if the main collection in the metropolis were inaccessible to them, copies of the portraits would be found in the public institutions of provincial towns, and so brought within easy reach of them. Men who had not seen the originals of these portraits would examine them with curiosity, and men who *had* seen the originals would find pleasure in comparing the portraits with the images preserved in their own memories; while not a few would feel a wholesome interest in showing the portraits of the great men of their own day to their children.

But even if this were not so—if this thing brought no gratification to us individually—would it not be worth doing for the good of generations to come? That wretched saying, "*après nous le déluge*," is a terribly popular one. It is one of the sayings from which no good has ever come. The old beehive motto, "*Sic vos non vobis*," is equally hackneyed, but very much less frequently acted upon. It is peculiarly applicable in this case.

WITH JEAN BAPTISTE.

Nor long ago, when sojourning in Montreal, and admiring, as every stranger fresh from the United States does, the beauty of its situation, the massiveness of its grey stone buildings, and its peculiarly French character, I expressed a wish to know something more of the life and character of the habitants, or descendants of the original French settlers, of the days before Wolfe and Montcalm, than could be obtained in the great towns and cities. The person to whom I addressed myself was a noted French Canadian, a member of the legislature and the government; and, though once in his hot youth, when William the Fourth was king, a rebel against British authority, one who, like many others of his countrymen, had ripened and mellowed into a satisfied, loyal, and honoured servant of the crown. "If you desire," he replied, "to see Jean Baptiste at home" (Jean Baptiste means a French Canadian, as John Bull means an Englishman), "you should visit some of the long villages in the neighbourhood of Quebec; or, better still, you should take the steamer for 'Three Rivers,' and thence proceed inland and explore the villages that lie between the St. Lawrence and the St. Maurice. The habitants are not modern Frenchmen, but Frenchmen of the ancien régime, such as the French of the old country were in the days of Louis Quinze, before the deluge of the great revolution had swept away the old ideas, the old prejudices, the old manners, and the old courtesies. There is no people like us left in the world; so simple-hearted, so little idolatrous of money, so unenterprising, so contented with mere life for its own sake, so honest, so devout, so obedient; and, I may add, so lazy and stagnant.

Similar information was given me by a stately French Canadienne, a lady of the very old régime, with manners that would have graced the court of the Grand Monarque. She had great contempt for modern ideas, and expressed her firm belief that gentlemen were fast becoming extinct. As for the habitants, she declared, they had become vulgarised and contaminated by their association with newly arrived immigrants; and, worst of all, with the "Bostonais," as she called the United States-men, a people without manners or education, and who, when they looked at anybody, said with their eyes, if not with their tongues, "Who cares for you? Am I not as good as you, and a great deal better?" "Forty years ago," she

added, "things were very different in Canada. The poorest habitant was in his heart a gentleman, and knew how to yield graceful, and not servile, deference to his superiors. He treated a lady as if she were a lady, and not as the Bostonians do—as if she were a silly creature, pleased to be taken notice of, as a dog might be. When the habitant paid his rent to his feudal superior, he dressed himself in his best, and came neat and clean into the presence of his landlord or landlady, and discoursed of the weather and the crops, or the news of the village; telling who was married and who was dead since his last visit, and doing his best to make himself agreeable. Now he comes in his working clothes, muddy and dirty, and smells of the farm-yard and the stable, with grimy hands, sits down without being asked, answers in monosyllables as if he had a grievance and was too surly to tell it, and altogether behaves more like a Bostonian than a Canadian. However, all are not equally bad. The Church still exercises its ancient influence over the people; and the women are the best, the purest, and the most modest in America." All things considered, this lady was of opinion that I would not regret a visit to the villages of the interior, "where, thank God," she said, "the people are not quite so Bostonised ('bostonise') as they are in Montreal."

Between Montreal and Three Rivers, half way to Quebec, the St. Lawrence offers nothing remarkable in the way of scenery, or anything of interest to the traveller, unless it be the wide expansion of its bed, which is known by the name of Lake St. Peter, and through which, at great cost, a channel has been dredged sufficiently deep to admit the passage of ocean-going steamers as large as the Scotia or the Persia. This work, in its first inception, was ridiculed and denounced as the impracticable idea of a romantic enthusiast; but Mr. John Young persisted in considering it not only practicable, but, considering the advantages it would bestow upon the city of Montreal, a very economic and profitable investment of the public money. He was neither to be turned from his purpose by sneers or delays, and lived to see his design carried out amid the applause and, it may be added, the gratitude of the whole community. If two similar designs—long ago advocated by the same gentleman—the widening and deepening of the Lachine and the Welland Canals, were carried out to the extent proposed, first-class steamers could ply between Liverpool and the great American lakes with as much regularity and comfort as they now ply between Liverpool and New York, and grain from the overflowing corn-fields of the bounteous West could reach the British manufacturing districts without the cost and delay of transshipment. But everything comes with time to those who know how to wait, and the Confederated Dominion of Canada will doubtless complete the work which the Province of Canada had not the spirit, or perhaps the means, to undertake.

The steamer that leaves Montreal at four in

the afternoon reaches the town of Three Rivers before midnight, and lands its passengers at the great hotel of the place, which overlooks the long reaches of the swiftly flowing river. Three Rivers takes its name from the fact that two branches of the St. Maurice, that rises six hundred miles away in the pine wildernesses of the Hudson Bay Company's territory, here unite with the St. Lawrence. The town, which next to Quebec is the oldest in Canada, contains a population of about seven thousand. It is one of the trading stations of the Hudson Bay Company, but its chief business is the receipt and despatch of timber floated down the long succession of the falls and rapids of the St. Maurice on its way to Quebec. For a person with a small income, with no means of increasing it, and who would be content with fishing and shooting for amusement, and with such dull society as a little town affords, Three Rivers may be recommended as a desirable place of residence. Fine fat fowls are to be bought in the market for two shillings a pair, the shilling representing only tenpence sterling; beef at fourpence per pound, mutton at two shillings and sixpence per quarter, and all other articles of first necessity at rates equally moderate. The neighbouring country is fertile and easily cultivated. Game and fish are abundant, and there are no restrictions upon the gun and the rod to interfere either with the sport or the appetite of him who uses them.

The town shortly before my visit had sustained a serious loss in the death of its most enterprising inhabitant, Mr. Turcotte, its representative in the Canadian parliament. Owing to this gentleman's energy, railroad communication had been opened up from the village of St. Gregoire, on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, with the Grand Trunk Railway at Arthursburg, a distance of thirty miles to the southward. He had also planned a railway from Three Rivers northward to Shawenegan, a distance of about twenty miles, and had built a monster hotel, on the American system, overlooking the upper falls. But the railway was uncommenced, the hotel was unfinished, and those who wished to feast their eyes on the glories of Shawenegan had to hire a vehicle, and take their provisions—edible and potable—along with them, for there was nothing to be had on the way but such as small country cabarets or estaminets could afford. On these points, however, there was no difficulty. Our party of five, two ladies and three gentlemen, were accommodated with a roomy vehicle—place for one on the box—with two strong, though gaunt, ungainly steeds, and a careful driver, who kept up a constant talk to his horses in French, and knew no word of English except the profane one that Béranger mis-spells,

*Quoique leurs chapeaux soient bien laids,
Goddam! moi, j'aime les Anglais!*

Our host of the hotel provided us with all the creature-comforts that hunger or thirst—or

luxury even—could desire; and at seven o'clock on a fine summer morning we started to explore the villages of the habitants, and to pic-nic at Shawenegan. The first village on the road was that of "Des Forges," where Mr. M'Dougall, a Highlander by birth or descent, has established a foundry that gives employment to a considerable number of people. In this part of the country the iron-ore lies thickly strewn over the surface, but had never been turned to account by the habitants until Mr. M'Dougall established himself among them. "Jean Baptiste," however, is not slow to follow if you show him the way, and the habitants, enlightened as to the value of the ore which they find on their farms, have nothing to do but to cart it to Des Forges and receive payment. Mr. M'Dougall makes from ninety to one hundred tons of iron per week, and finds a ready purchaser in the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. The next place, six miles further on, is St. Etienne, the very type and model of a French Canadian village—a description of which may serve for a description of the hundreds that line the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Richelieu, the St. Jean, the St. Maurice, and other rivers. Nothing more unlike an English village can be imagined. There is no village green or common, with its sheltering elms, the playground of the young villagers, or the browsing-place of the donkeys, or the geese, or the browsing (which I do not assert) be the proper word to apply to the grass-eating of those noblest of birds [for the dinner-table]. There is a village church, generally a substantial edifice, with a tin roof and steeple, that shine and shimmer in the bright sun as if they were of silver; but which is not visible to the whole people at once, like the spire or tower of an English hamlet, inasmuch as a village is generally six or seven miles long, and not a cluster of houses around some common centre as with us at home. No one house in a French Canadian village is much better than another, unless it be the cabaret or the post-office. No "squire" with a pretentious mansion overshadows his tenants; and even the doctor or the avocat is not better lodged than his neighbours, if, indeed, there be an avocat to be found at all. The reason of the extreme length of the villages is, that everybody must have a frontage, and that the "terres," as the farms or lots are called, are laid out either upon the banks of a river extending backwards or upon a high road. The frontage varies from two to four arpens, or from four hundred to eight hundred feet, and each terre has a depth of about a mile. The house invariably stands by the road or the river, and is generally constructed of rude logs of wood, the interstices being filled with mud or clay to keep out the wind and rain; and the whole scrupulously whitewashed both outside and in. Adjoining each house, and open to the road, is a four, or oven, in which in summer-time the goodwife boils her broth, cooks her meat, roasts her potatoes, or makes her tea and coffee, in the presence of the public, as it were, if there were any public

which cared to inspect her culinary arrangements. Among these simple people, as in France, the terre, or farm, on the death of the proprietor is usually divided equally among all the children; and as each insists upon having a frontage, and will not on any terms be pushed into the rear, the farms still retain their depth, but are diminished in width in proportion to the number of heirs. Thus a terre of four arpens, when divided among four children of a deceased habitant, is still a mile long; but is narrowed for each new proprietor to the width of two hundred feet. This ribbon-like piece of land is liable to still further subdivision, so that it is possible, unless a purchase or marriage should prevent and lead to the re-conjunction of any of these dissevered slips, that a man might inherit a farm which he could walk *across* in half a minute, but which he could not walk *along* in less than twenty. The style of farming is rude and primitive: it is an accusation brought against the habitants, that they farm no better than their progenitors in the days of Charlemagne; that they know nothing of improvements in agricultural implements, or of the rotation of crops; and that they are fast exhausting the land. They remain on the old farm from generation to generation, as fixed to the soil as if they were serfs, and as averse from change of domicile as the limpet upon the rock. There is abundance of good land in the wilderness to be had for almost nominal prices—land which the Anglo-Saxon and the Irish Celt are glad to purchase and reclaim, but which has no attraction for Jean Baptiste. He does not object to fell trees, or do the hardest work of the wilderness for wages; but he seems to have no inclination to do such work on his own account, or act in any way as a pioneer of civilisation, like the hardy Yankees, Englishmen, and Irishmen, who are every year adding new states to the already large dominion of the Union, and connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific by a continuous line of thriving and energetic communities. He seems to think that his lot has been cast in a pleasant place, in the Canada of his great-grandfathers, and loves the old terre as if the memories of a thousand years were clustered around it. He lives far better than his compeers in France, who are contented with black bread, an onion, and a pint of "vin bleu" for their ordinary diet, except on grand occasions; and scarcely ever dream of such a luxury as the "poule au pot," which good Henri Quatre desired to see in the cottage of every one of his subjects. The Canadian habitant has more abundant fare. In travelling along these lengthened villages, the grunt of the porker, the cackle of the hen, the crowing of the cock, and the gobble of the duck, are to be heard on every side; and fair average crops of maize, oats, rye, buckwheat, flax, lint, and tobacco, somewhat later in coming to maturity than similar crops in New England and New York, are to be seen at every interval between the cottages. Pork and poultry are the staple food of Jean Baptiste, but mutton

and beef are by no means unknown. The sheep browse in the fields behind the farm, and his wool is in request, not so much for the purposes of commerce, as for the supply of the needs of the household; for, in the cold winter days and the long winter nights, Madame Jean Baptiste, like Penelope and her daughters in the olden time, card, and spin, and weave the wool into warm but serviceable cloth, fit for the whole attire of the fathers and sons, and for the petticoats and cloaks of mothers and daughters. The habitant does almost everything for himself; makes and mends his clothes and shoes at home, weaves his own straw hat, extracts sugar from the sap of the abundant maple-trees that thrive so luxuriantly all over the country, dries and cures his own tobacco, distils his own execrable whisky (beer and wine he scarcely ever sees), makes his own soap, and, where there is much timber on the "terre," which is not available as lumber or for commercial purposes, burns down the trees and boils their ashes in iron caldrons to produce the potash which he can sell in Montreal and Quebec. From the produce of his potash, and the sale of his sheep and beeves, he has generally a surplus out of which to pay his willing dues to the Holy Mother Church which he loves so well, and in whose teachings he so implicitly believes, or the purchase for the women-folk of the well-beloved tea, and of the gewgaws and the finery that women desire and must and will have, from the age of five to seventy or eighty; or, if they live so long, to a hundred. He is far more ignorant of the meaning of the word taxes than George Cruikshank's superb John Thomas "of the calves," and only pays them in the shape of the *corvée*, so many days' labour per annum for the maintenance of the roads, whether "dirt" or "corduroy," that traverse his district. The most inattentive of travellers can scarcely fail to notice that the wives of the habitants are fresh, healthy, comely, and prolific. The children swarm at every door, and when madame peeps out, her curiosity excited by the noise of wheels, the clack of the driver's whip, and the constant talk he keeps up with his horses, to see who is passing, it is most probable that she has a baby in her arms, and three or four children of larger growth hanging about her apron, behind or before. And the dogs seem to be as plentiful as the children, and greet the traveller in such fashion and style as suit their age or character; sometimes, if they are young and foolish, rushing out to bark at the horses' heels; sometimes, if of maturer years, intoning their salutation in their throats, without stirring from their usual snoozing-places; or, if they are old, experienced, and philosophic, lifting their heads a little in the sunshine, surveying the passing vehicle with lazy interest, and then lying down again to sleep, perchance to dogmatise on the ways of men. Another noticeable and agreeable peculiarity is the love of flowers with which these fair Canadiennes seem to be possessed, and the abundance and beauty of the specimens which

they rear at their windows. The flowers which adorn their gardens are not many. Jean Baptiste wants the garden for use, and not for ornament, so madame makes *her* garden at the window, and cultivates her geraniums, pelargoniums, lobelias, cinerarias, roses, and lilies with such care and success as to convert the one room of her modest cottage into a veritable bower, as richly adorned during the season of flowers as if it were, barring the other furniture, the boudoir of a duchess. The day on which our party passed through St. Etienne happened to be a gala day—the day of the *première communion* of all the little lasses of the village, of nine years old and upwards—a day looked forward to by these tiny charmers with as much pleasant anticipation as at a later period they doubtless look forward to that other day when they shall also be dressed in white, and wear long white veils and white wreaths around their foreheads, and kneel before the priest at the altar at even a holier communion. The little ones whose domicile was in close proximity to the church walked to the communion dressed in white muslin, with white ribbons streaming behind, and with long white veils, looking—with the glow of health and excitement on their cheeks and eyes, and in their whole demeanour—like so many cherubim—*minus* the wings and *plus* the more ordinary helps to locomotion—and all of them, together with the fathers, and mothers, or other elders who accompanied them, had a smile and a graceful recognition for the passing strangers. Those who lived at longer distances from the church were driven in charette, farm-cart, gig, or calèche; and the drivers, the fathers or brothers of the little communicants, invariably lifted their hats to us as we passed them on the road, an act of courtesy which we as invariably returned. Around the church, at every available space, were stationed the vehicles which had discharged their human freight, suggesting by their numbers what was quite evident enough before, that the Canadiennes were by no means, like their American sisters further to the south, of an unprolific race, or dependent in any degree upon the immigration from Europe to keep up the parity of numbers between the annual births and deaths. To maintain the equilibrium is as much as the native-born Americans appear to be able to do, and they do not manage even *this* in some cities of the Union; whereas among the French Canadians the tendency is to a superabundant population, as in Ireland and the western isles of Scotland. "How it comes, let doctors tell," as Burns says, and doctors or philosophers *will* have to tell it, sooner or later, however displeasing the explanation may be to the tender, delicate, little ladies of the States, who dislike walking, live in heated rooms, and eat sweetstuff till their health suffers and their teeth become unserviceable as well as unornamental.

Jean Baptiste does not trouble himself very much about politics, and generally takes them, with his religion, from the priest. Thirty-five

years ago, however, the case was different, and he gave the British government a good deal of trouble. Alarmed lest he should be Anglicised, and Protestantised, and "improved off the face of the earth," as the Yankees express it, he declared himself a rebel, took to arms, got together a small but valiant host, with which he defied John Bull for several months, and altogether behaved himself in a manner which, if it did not show much prudence, showed a very considerable amount of "pluck." The British government has never been in the habit of negotiating or parleying with rebels in arms; but having put down Jean Baptiste's rebellion by the strong hand, and got possession of the bodies of some of the most eminent leaders, it began to inquire in all good faith and right feeling what were the grievances, real or supposed, which had driven a person usually so quiet, so good, and so amiable as Jean Baptiste, to so desperate a resort. The result was, that Jean Baptiste was found to be not altogether without ground of complaint, and that he had solid grievances—not caused so much by the injustice as by the ignorance of the British government, and the assumption, by his fellow-colonists of British descent, of a superiority over him which he was not inclined to allow. Generous Mr. Bull did the best he could between the two parties, reformed abuses, modified the pre-existing arrangements between the British and French Canadians, and put the finishing touch to this liberal and enlightened policy by pardoning Jean Baptiste's generalissimo, Mr. Papineau, and the other civil and military chiefs of the abortive rebellion. The wise policy bore good fruits; rebels became loyalists, and Mr. Papineau himself, who still lives a prosperous and a venerable gentleman, was not only reconciled to the monarchical rule of Great Britain, but grew to be its staunchest friend and supporter.

From Three Rivers to the lumber station of Mr. Rousseau, on the bank of the St. Maurice, at which we had to take either a canoe or a scow to be paddled or rowed across the lake-like bend of the river to the path that leads to the upper fall of Shawenegan, was a drive of five hours, through a country sandy, but not unfruitful, that lay in a plateau for five or six miles, and thence rose by a steep ascent of a couple of hundred feet to another plateau of similar width, followed by another bank and another plateau, suggesting a succession of former sea levels in the ancient history of our planet, when the uplands of Lake Erie were the shores of the ocean, when Niagara was not, and when what are now Canada, Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, were more than half submerged, and what was visible of them were islands of an immense archipelago. These plateaux and shelving banks stretch inwards towards that great inland ocean which few people have ever seen, called Hudson's Bay, for hundreds of miles—at least the geological books say so, and we may as well believe them. Mr. Rousseau had been apprised of our coming, and canoes and a scow

were in readiness. The ladies of the party did not like the fragile look of the canoes, so the scow, in deference to their timidity, was chosen for our transit. Laden with our provender and our drink, both of which the boatmen undertook for an extra gratuity to carry up the steep path on the other side, we were speedily impelled across to the mountain-path, that led by a zigzag of three-quarters of a mile through the brushwood and the forest to the skeleton of poor Mr. Turcotte's hotel. We were advised not to skirt along the bank to see the falls from the level of the river, but to ascend to the highest point and view them at their very best. We paid due deference to this local judgment, and were duly rewarded for our acquiescence. Though the St. Maurice was not at its full, and the depth of water not above one-half of its usual average, there was more than sufficient to produce a cataract that has not its peer in Europe, and very few in America; one that, were it within five hundred miles of London or Paris, would be annually visited by tens or hundreds of thousands of delighted tourists. The day will doubtless come when the far-seeing design of Mr. Turcotte will be completed, when there will be a railroad from Three Rivers to Shawenegan, connecting the latter point by the ferry over the St. Lawrence to St. Gregoire, with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and consequently with the entire railway system of the United States, when the great hotel will be completed and furnished, and when as many travellers as now go forth from all points of the compass to behold Niagara in its glory, will flock to Shawenegan in the drowsy and oppressive heats of the American summer to behold a smaller but still a magnificent fall in its beauty and splendour—to feast their eyes with the sight of the cooling waters rushing over the precipices with everlasting music, and suggesting to the most prosaic mind:

To stand before them reverent and dumb,
And hear their voice discoursing to the soul
Sublime orations, tuned to psalmody;
High thoughts of peril, met and overcome
Of power, and beauty, and eternity,
And the Great God who bade the waters roll.

Our small party had the large banquetting-room of the hotel to ourselves—a room unglazed, only partially boarded, and more partially roofed, and encumbered with the shavings and chips and other signs of the late presence of carpenters and joiners. Our banquetting-table, overlooking the Falls, was a pile of deal boards, our seats logs of timber, to be yet, perhaps, wrought into the edifice as jambs or joists or cross-trees of the roof; and our waiters were the Canadian boatmen, who had little to do but to bring us pitchers of water from the foaming torrent to mingle with our wine. They spoke no word of English, were very grateful for the remnants of our feast, but particularly grateful for the bottle of good claret with which we presented them, a wine of which they had heard but had never seen or tasted before, and which they were delighted to know had been

imported from France. "Tiens," said one, "and is the bottle French also? and the bouchon?" On being assured that the corks and the bottles were both from Bordeaux, they united in asking permission to take the empty bottles home with them as a remembrance of the old country. On being told that it was doubtful whether the champagne bottles or the champagne inside of them had ever been in France, they declined to encumber themselves with such spoil, but affectionately hugged the claret bottles, and took them down to the boat and carefully stowed them away. "And what will you do with them?" said I. "They are for Jacqueline," replied the elder boatman—"pour mon épouse. We shall use them every day instead of jugs or pitchers for our water or our milk, and when not in use they shall stand upon our mantelpiece among the ornaments."

On our return late at night to Three Rivers, I discovered on alighting that a Scottish plaid, of shepherd tartan, which I had purchased in my youth in the good town of Inverness, a plaid that had since those days travelled with me over nearly half the globe, that had been my pillow, my cushion, my blanket, and my mantle, that had borne the pelting of many a pitiless storm on mountain-top and in mid-ocean, while I had walked or sat dry and cozy beneath it—a plaid which long acquaintanceship and companionship had made worth twenty times as much to me as a newer and fresher garment—was nowhere to be found. It had been placed in the vehicle for the service of the ladies—for protection against rain or cold; but neither rain nor cold had rendered its employment necessary. What had become of it? Had it been jolted out in the ruts of the dirt-road or the ridges of the corduroy? Or had it been stolen while our vehicle was left unprotected during our picnic on the steeps of Shawenegan? No one could tell. The driver could give no information, but admitted that during the whole time we were absent at the Falls, he was either busy with his own dinner or that of his horses, and that he had left the carriage and its various contents of shawls and overcoats without watch or supervision. On mentioning the loss to the courteous French Canadian gentleman, the resident agent at Three Rivers of the lumberers of St. Maurice, and hinting that there were but two ways in which the missing article could have gone astray, and that it was just possible it might have proved too great a temptation for some poor habitant, male or female, to resist, his countenance grew suddenly dark. "Oh no," he said, with serious emphasis, "you must not say that. You do not know our people. There is not so honest a people in the world. There is not, and never was, and never will be, a thief, young or old, big or little, male or female, among them. If you dropped a purse of gold on the highway, the finder would immediately take it to the curé of the parish for restitution to the owner. Oh no. The shawl is lost, and will be found. Leave the affair to me. You must not leave Three Rivers with a suspicion

on your mind that there could be any dishonesty among our poor, our good habitants." I must own that I felt quite ashamed of myself, and endeavoured to soothe his wounded pride by every excuse and apology I could think of. Having given him a precise description of the missing article, I added that I would cheerfully pay a reward of as many dollars as he might name to the finder. This offer had well-nigh made matters worse. "A reward for doing right! Oh no!" he added, "that is not our way in Canada. You must not think of such a thing." I saw that I was wrong again, and he saw also that I was sorry, and generously forgave me. Two days afterwards the plaid was returned with the compliments of the curé of St. Etienne, and a note stating that it had been found by a young girl in the road, and brought to him the same evening for restitution to the owner. With that base feeling so common among Britons that money is the best and only recompense for a good action, I was anxious to send the good curé a few dollars as a contribution towards the infant school—if there were one—or the poor-box, or the hospital. "Do nothing of the kind," said the merchant of Three Rivers; "why attempt to spoil and demoralise a good and simple people? You might as well reward them for eating their dinners with a good appetite, as for performing what to them appears a matter of the simplest duty." So the money was not sent, and I came away from the villages of the habitants with the impression, which time is not likely to efface, that a happier and more innocent people was not easily to be found on the face of the new continent, or the old one either.

DEATH IN THE DOCK.

On the 28th of April, 1794, a messenger from the chief secretary's office, with four policemen, entered Hyde's Coffee-house, College-green, Dublin. The entrances to the house had been watched through the night, and the appearance of the messenger had been anxiously awaited by at least one resident in the hotel. This person was a London attorney, named Cokayne, who had arrived in Dublin on the 1st of April with a friend of ten years' standing, the Reverend William Jackson, a clergyman of the Church of Ireland but apparently without a cure. Jackson slept in the room next to that occupied by Cokayne, and opening on the same passage. The messenger addressed a few words in whispers to Cokayne, who, pale and trembling, met him on the stairs. The whole party proceeded to the corridor, with which Jackson's room communicated. Cokayne begged leave to remain outside. The messenger and his assistants entered. The noise awakened Jackson. Starting up, he endeavoured to seize some papers piled upon a table beside his bed. He had cleared that table the night before, and now saw at a glance that treachery had been at work. The messenger

caught Jackson's hands, and motioning to his assistants to secure the papers, read aloud a warrant addressed to Tresham Gregg, keeper of Newgate, directing him to hold in safe custody the Reverend William Jackson, clerk, late of London, charged with high treason, and, specially, with inducing the king's enemies in France to invade his realm of Ireland.

Jackson had proceeded to France three years before to collect evidence in the famous case of the Duchess of Kingston. That business brought him into connexion with some of the leading spirits of the revolution. He remained in Paris in habits of intimacy with some members of the French convention, and either at his own suggestion, or through their influence, was commissioned to ascertain the sentiments of the lower classes in England and Ireland towards the French republic, and should he find them favourable, to prepare certain agents of the French convention in both countries for the landing of an invading force. A relative of Jackson, named Stone, had been long settled in Paris, and engaged in business there. He had a brother, resident in London, and an assistant, bearing the name of Beresford, married to the sister of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, who, when Jackson arrived in Ireland, was lying in Newgate under a charge of sedition. Stone furnished Jackson, on his departure from Paris, with letters of introduction to Horne Tooke and Doctor Crawford. Armed with these credentials, Jackson reached London, and immediately proceeded to execute his commission. He renewed his intimacy with Cokayne, and employed him as his agent and confidential secretary. Jackson's communications with the convention were addressed at first through Stone, and then through Cokayne, to Monsieur Chapeaurouge, marchand, Hambourg, under cover to Messrs. Texier, Angeli, and Massav, Amsterdam, in a third envelope directed to Monsieur Daubeduscaille, Hambourg. The letters were written in commercial style. "Business" meant Jackson's enterprise; "goods" denoted provisions for the expected army of invasion; "Magnet" stood for the French department of marine; "the baby" was the young republic; and so on. These letters were copied out by Cokayne, Jackson alleging that he owed money in England, where his own handwriting was well known. Throughout the correspondence, Stone's name was transposed into Enots, and Jackson named himself Thomas Popkins.

Two elaborate despatches from Jackson to the convention are extant, and possess a singular interest in reference to the recent Fenian conspiracy. They are written with great ability, and, as far as England is concerned, bear the impress of candour and truth. As the result of long-continued and minute inquiry, Jackson states that although the English people were weary with a war against France, which brought the nation hollow fame but substantial loss, they entertained a deeply rooted hatred towards the French republicans. He

declares that ninety-nine men out of every hundred would start to their feet in arms to drive an invader of the sacred English land into the sea. Any invasion of England would unite all classes and parties in determined opposition, and no sacrifice would be considered too great to protect the inviolability of the soil. He artfully recommends the convention to disarm the hostility of the English people by liberating at once, and without conditions, all English prisoners, to restore to them their property, and to transmit them with all honour and respect to England. He suggests that the convention should proclaim their anxious desire for peace, and their desire to live on terms of amity with the British nation. But under no circumstances did he think it possible to set the populace in array against their government and constitution.

But in Ireland, Jackson believed the convention had the fairest prospects of success. The organisation known as that of the "United Irishmen" prevailed in every part of the kingdom, and possessed agents in the army, the navy, and all public departments. The servants in private families of power and influence were members of the fraternity. Theobald Wolfe Tone had just accomplished, as it seemed, the difficult task of effecting an alliance between the Dissenters of the north and the Roman Catholics of the south. Jackson estimates the Protestant Episcopalians at four hundred and fifty thousand, the Dissenters at nine hundred thousand, and the Roman Catholics at three million one hundred and fifty thousand—an enumeration which proves his sagacity and knowledge of the country at the time. The Dissenters, under which name he includes the Presbyterians of the north, were, he asserts, to a man, republicans. The Roman Catholics of the south were thoroughly discontented and disloyal, ready to welcome any invader. The great mass of the people would receive the French into fraternity the moment they appeared, because while the government of England was thoroughly national, that of Ireland was provincial. In addition to the natural love of change, the great bulk of the nation was actuated by hatred of the English name. The gentry and clergy were more tyrannical and aristocratic than the nobles whom the republicans had annihilated in France. The English government was solely a government of force in Ireland, and would crumble to pieces before any power of adequate strength at the first collision. The people had received arms from France, and were efficiently drilled. Their organisation was complete, and they awaited with ill-concealed impatience the arrival of a force sufficiently great to give them confidence. The moment such a force appeared, Ireland would be in a blaze, and the English dominion at an end.

On the 1st of April, the day of Jackson's arrival in Dublin, Danton and his colleagues were murdered in Paris, and the sanguinary Robespierre ruled the French republic. Jackson was

soon acquainted with this change of masters, and believing that Robespierre in the first flush of power would see the advantage of distracting England by exciting a rebellion in Ireland, redoubled his activity. He and Cokayne were hospitably received by a Mr. MacNally, a barrister, who took a foremost place in defending prisoners arraigned for high treason. Through this gentleman, an arrangement was effected for the introduction of Jackson to Archibald Hamilton Rowan. The letters addressed by Stone to Horne Tooke and Dr. Crawford had never been delivered, and they now served as certificates of Jackson's fidelity to "the cause." A long and anxious deliberation ensued in Rowan's "lodgings" in Newgate. Jackson used all means of persuasion to induce Wolfe Tone to proceed as the envoy of the Irish republicans to Paris. Tone hesitated, and at last persistently refused. He hinted something about five hundred pounds, but Jackson replied that the "French nation was as generous as brave." This did not satisfy Tone. Then a Dr. Reynolds was appealed to, also in vain; and at last Jackson penned those two reports on public feeling in England and Ireland, which condemned him.

But almost from the moment of his landing in England, every movement made by Jackson was known to the government. Cokayne furnished Mr. Pitt with complete copies of Jackson's correspondence. The more recent letters were written as if in reference to a lawsuit in which Jackson was engaged, but Cokayne possessed the key and sold it. He assured Mr. Pitt that he was induced to betray his friend through motives of the purest patriotism, but he said something more. Alleging that Jackson owed him a debt of six hundred pounds, which he could not afford to lose, he reasoned that if Jackson should be executed through his information, the debt would never be recovered. William Pitt understood the hint and the man. He assured Cokayne he should be no loser by his patriotism. From that hour Cokayne accompanied Jackson as his shadow. He never left his side. Every letter, document, or word of Jackson's was immediately communicated to government. The moment the paper on the state of Ireland was penned, and placed in Cokayne's hands to be copied like the rest for transmission through the post-office, Cokayne conveyed it—while Jackson slept—to Mr. Hamilton, private secretary to the lord-lieutenant. That gentleman took a press copy of the original, and then returned it to Cokayne, directing him to post it in the usual way. The letter was, by order, intercepted, and then the authorities struck the meditated blow.

The arrest was made, and Jackson was lodged in the jail of Newgate, on the 28th of April, 1794. The indictments were not formally laid until the 23rd of June. On the 30th of June, Jackson pleaded "Not Guilty." Then the trial was deferred until the 7th of November. It was again postponed to the 20th of January,

1795, and once more to the 23rd of April. Nearly a year had elapsed from the arrest of Jackson, and so long a delay was unusual in those troubled times. It was expected, probably, that in the interval some damning evidence might be procured against Hamilton Rowan and others suspected of complicity with Jackson's design. But Hamilton Rowan escaped from Newgate in November, 1794, through the agency of a government informer, and then, at length, preparations were made for Jackson's trial.

The court was formed of the Earl of Clonmell, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Mr. Justice Downes, and Mr. Justice Chamberlain. Mr. Justice Bond was absent. The names of the leading counsel for the accused are remarkable in Irish history. Amongst them are found those of John Philpott Curran, George Ponsonby, L. MacNally, and Thomas Addis Emmet. The case from the first was clear against the prisoner. There were the letters and the reports, originals and copies. It was proved, indeed, that Cokayne swore his last deadly information before the privy council under a menace from the Lord Chief Justice. "Remember, sir, you are in our power as to committing you if you do not swear." "The case against the prisoner hinged upon the evidence of Cokayne; but the court decided that in Ireland one witness was sufficient to condemn a man of treason, though two were required in England. At four o'clock in the morning of the 26th of April the jury found Jackson "Guilty." They recommended him to mercy; but the Lord Chief Justice exclaimed that they had done so "only" through compassion: a plea not influential with such a judge. Turning to the jailer, who stood beside the condemned, he said, "Jailer, take that man away, and let him be brought up here in four days."

The four days slowly but surely passed hour by hour away, and then, on the morning of the 30th of April, Jackson was conveyed to the Court of King's Bench to hear his doom pronounced. He had made some allusions to suicide, and therefore was guarded strictly. His food was always cut in pieces for him, the jailer fearing to entrust him with a knife and fork. "The man who did not fear death," said Jackson, "can never want the means of dying. So long as his head is within reach of the prison-walls he can prevent his body being suspended to scare the community." A partisan of the government of the day saw Jackson as he passed on his way to the court. This person remarked to one of Jackson's counsel, "I always said Jackson was a coward, and I am not mistaken. His fears have made him sick. I observed him, as the coach drove by, with his head out of the window, vomiting violently." His friend hurried into court only to witness a most appalling scene. Jackson's frame quivered rather than trembled, but his mind was firm and collected still. With clammy and nerveless fingers he tried to press the hand of his counsel, and

sadly smiling, whispered the words of Pierre, "We have deceived the senate." The Chief Justice, perceiving the condition of the prisoner, thought of remanding him, but the Attorney-General prayed for judgment. Then "the Reverend William Jackson was set forward." All eyes were directed towards him. His body teemed with profuse perspiration, the steam rose from his hair, the muscles of his face twitched in convulsions, his eyes were nearly closed, and when at intervals he opened them the dull dry light of death glared out of them. Ordered by the court to stand up, his mind strove to command his failing body. He rose, but tottered and reeled as if about to fall. At last he crossed his arms tightly over his breast, and rocking to and fro awaited the traitor's dreadful sentence of doom. When the clerk of the court directed him to hold up his hand, he strove to raise it, but the powerless arm dropped instantly at his side. When the clerk demanded, in the usual form, "what he had now to say why judgment of death and execution thereon should not be awarded against him according to law," Mr. Curran rose and moved an arrest of judgment. A legal argument of some length ensued. All the while the prisoner grew worse and worse; he presented the aspect of a living corpse. Mr. Curran proposed that he should be remanded, as his state of body rendered communication between him and his counsel, impossible. Lord Clonmell thought it would be lenity to dispose of the sentence with all speed. They opened the windows of the court, and the cold air came rushing in. But the spirits of Death gathered closer round him, and now he fainted. He sank down in the dock. The crowd heard the hollow sound of his convulsive movements against the panelling. The closing scene is thus described:

Lord Clonmell: "If the prisoner is in a state of insensibility, it is impossible that I can pronounce the judgment of the court upon him."

Thereupon, Mr. Thomas Kinsley, an apothecary, who was in the jury-box, said he would go down to him. He stooped down over the dock, felt Jackson's pulse, and then turning round towards the judge, declared that the prisoner was certainly dying. By order of the court, Mr. Kinsley was sworn.

Lord Clonmell: Are you in any profession?

Mr. Kinsley: I am an apothecary.

Lord Clonmell: Can you speak with certainty of the state of the prisoner?

Mr. Kinsley: I can; I think him verging to eternity.

Lord Clonmell: Do you think him capable of hearing his judgment?

Mr. Kinsley: I do not think he can.

Lord Clonmell: Then he must be taken away. Take care that in sending him away no

mischievous be done. Let him be remanded until further orders; and I believe it is as much for his advantage, as for all of yours, to adjourn.

But the further orders never were delivered; the case of the prisoner had been already transferred to another tribunal. The sheriff, pale and horror-stricken, informed the court that the man was dead.

All rose and hurriedly left the court. The jailers laid the corpse straight on the floor of the dock, and hastened away. Many a man dead by the execution of the law had they seen, but never such a sight as this. All through the night, the dead lay there, a guard of soldiers keeping silent watch. There is a story that at midnight a weeping woman stole in like a spirit, kissed the cold lips, clasped the rigid hands, and vanished. Next day an inquest was held; the body contained a large quantity of metallic poison. The jailer swore that on the preceding day, a little before the prisoner was brought up to court, he found him with his wife, greatly agitated, and vomiting violently. "I have taken some tea," said Jackson, "which has disagreed with me." He had died of poison, and baffled the law. Whether it was to save himself and his family from the shame of an ignominious execution, or to preserve his property from confiscation, he had hurried to the final Court of Appeal. In his pocket, as he lay dead, were found some passages from the penitential Psalms, in his own handwriting.

Such a scene could never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Few, however, could imagine the effect it had upon the judge. Here is his "note," written with his own hand on the very night of Jackson's death, when the eyes of the corpse were rigidly fixed upon the ceiling of the court:

"April 30, 1795.—Recollect the death of *that* Jackson, at the moment that judgment was about to be pronounced upon him. This should make a new judicial era in your life. As to regimen, diligence, and exercise, remember to ride and walk as much, to eat and sleep as little, as possible; to read law as much, to idle as little as you can, and never to fret at all; to laugh, and smile as much, to frown and sulk as little, as may be. Never to be drunk. Put yourself into no person's power. Live as long and as happy as you can. Turn each moment to the best account, and make the most of each good occasion, and the best of every bad one. Look to God and yourself only."

What a comment on so fearful a tragedy, and written by a judge's hand!

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